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The Week

PRESIDENT HOOVER has at last selected the members of his great commission which is to investigate the federal legal machinery and in particular, prohibition enforcement—as, if and when. It is an open secret that he had the greatest difficulty in finding citizens of sufficient reputation, who were neither too conspicuously labeled as wets or drys and were at the same time willing to put their hands into the fire and pull out his rather dubious political chestnuts. In Mr. Wickersham he has found a chairman who fulfills the various and difficult qualifications, and in Mr. Baker and Dean Pound he has men of outstanding ability who are accustomed to inquiries of this sort. A criticism of nearly all the members is that they are so busy it is hard to see how they can devote all their time to this cause for many months, which is essential if substantial results are to be achieved. Miss Comstock, President of Radcliffe College, is a competent educator, but it is a little hard to see

why she was selected when such persons as Jane Addams, Belle Sherwin, Lillian Wald and Grace Abbott were available. The huge scope of the inquiry was of course a piece of deliberate design; it was brought about in order to diminish the emphasis on the politically thorny question of prohibition. This commission is one which ought to be able to find out what is wrong. Whether it will then have sufficient courage to make drastic recommendations, and President Hoover to endorse them, remains to be seen.

MR. HOOVER'S new commission will be able to get some idea of the difficulties by which it is confronted, by reading the correspondence between the American and Canadian governments in relation to rum-running across the border. In spite of all the efforts of the border patrol, the value of the liquor officially listed for export from Canada to the United States has increased 50 percent between 1926 and 1928, and now amounts to \$18,000,000 a year. That which is admittedly intended for this country is, of course, only a small proportion of the total; another large part is given fictitious clearance for the West Indies, and still more is never recorded in any official document. In the Detroit area alone, in the two years ending in June, 1928, American prohibition agents confiscated more than 16,000 cases of whiskey, and 46,000 cases and 6,000 barrels of beer. It is officially conceded that this confiscated liquor did not constitute more than 5 to 10 percent of the total which came in. This farcical attempt to dry up the border has been accompanied by the wholesale debauching of prohibition agents; in some cases 50 percent or more of a given unit have been dismissed within a comparatively short time for accepting bribes. What this traffic has done in breeding a new criminal class in the United States is a story so familiar as to need no repetition. On top of everything else, prohibition has increased the friction between the United States and our northern neighbor. We have asked Canada to keep liquor out of this country when we are admittedly unable to guard the border ourselves, and when the Canadians have the best of reason to believe that our efforts at enforcement are

insincere. We do not know what the new Crime Commission can do with all these facts; but we hope its members will at least sit down and look at them, long and earnestly.

IT WAS a wise and necessary act for the leaders of Congress, at the advice of President Hoover, to moderate somewhat our claims on Germany for paying our share of the costs of the army of occupation, in view of the fact that the conferees at Paris are obliged to ask the Allies to reduce their reparations claims materially. If we should entirely remit the obligation of the Germans to pay these costs, we should scarcely feel it, while the sacrifices which the Allies will have to make for an economically sound settlement are substantial indeed. Even such a small change as the reduction of the amounts due us annually, accompanied by a lengthening of the period of payment, is a gesture which somewhat redeems the bad grace which would be shown if the United States should decline to give up a cent, while the American unofficial delegates to the reparations conference are forced to endorse drastic reduction of the Allied reparations bill. It is to be doubted, however, whether this minor gesture will save us from the obloquy of refusing to reconsider the settlements of the Allied debts to us, in view of their reparations disappointment.

THE settlement of the Tacna-Arica dispute, announced by President Hoover last week, was not, as most of the newspaper headlines suggested, the result of his efforts, or those of the American government before he took office. In most of its important particulars the settlement was worked out by Chile and Peru themselves, after the attempt of the United States to act as arbitrator had broken down. According to this settlement, the province is cut in two. Chile hands over to Peru the district of Tacna, with certain commercial rights in the port of Arica, and pays \$6,000,000. The territory of Arica remains with Chile. Nothing is said about the plebiscite which should have been held ten years after the ratification of the Treaty of Ancon in 1884. In this treaty, Chile obtained the right to occupy the Peruvian provinces of Tacna-Arica until the plebiscite was held. Despite repeated efforts of Peru, Chile blocked this plebiscite from 1894 down until the end of the World War. During this period, she carried on a policy of "Chileanization," the aim of which was to drive out all Peruvian sympathizers from Tacna-Arica, so that if a plebiscite did come, its results would be a foregone conclusion.

ONE of the first questions brought before the League of Nations in 1920 was a request from Peru that the Treaty of Ancon be revised. At this time, however, American hostility to the League was at its height, and we seemed to believe that we had a divine mission to settle by ourselves all disputes on the American continent. Apparently be-

cause of this attitude, Peru quickly withdrew her request to the League, and in 1922 the United States agreed to act as arbitrator on the question whether the plebiscite envisaged in the Treaty of Ancon should still be held. In the Coolidge-Hughes award of March, 1925, it was decreed that, despite the lapse of thirty years and despite Chile's terrorist policies, the plebiscite should still be carried out. General Pershing was appointed to supervise the thankless task, but following further obstructions on the part of Chile he returned to the United States on account of "dental trouble." His place was taken by General Lassiter, who reported in June, 1926, that it was impossible to hold a plebiscite, because of the wholesale deportations and even assassinations of Peruvians by the Chilean authorities. The attempt was now abandoned, after relations between Chile and Peru had reached a breaking point, and after the prestige of the United States, which was really responsible for the fiasco, had been destroyed.

THE insistence of Secretary of State Hughes upon a plebiscite, without making any provision for the occupation of Tacna-Arica by neutral troops, is one of the most serious blunders in the annals of American diplomacy. Had we followed European experience, growing out of the peace treaties of Paris, we would have realized that such guarantees are essential if a plebiscite is not to be mere disguised annexation by the power in occupation of the territory. Had the settlement of Tacna-Arica been left in League hands, it is practically certain that this mistake would not have been made. The Tacna-Arica affair should teach the United States that we should not try to settle by ourselves all the affairs of the American continent. Apparently this lesson was recognized when the United States last January declined to mediate in the Bolivia-Paraguay boundary dispute, and instead had the affair handled jointly by the League Council and the Pan-American Conference. It is growing increasingly unlikely that the United States will attempt henceforth to enforce its overlordship in this hemisphere to the extent of forbidding American states to take their disputes to the League of Nations if they wish to do so.

THE more we learn about the attempt of the International Paper and Power Company to buy up newspapers, the more outrageous it seems. This organization, which is primarily a power company and only secondarily in the business of selling paper, not only invested heavily in thirteen newspapers, including important organs in Chicago, Boston and New York City, but it attempted to buy at least twenty other leading papers, in every part of the country east of the Rocky Mountains. Included were the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Columbus, Ohio, Dispatch, Kansas City Star, Milwaukee Journal, Detroit Free Press, Cleveland News, Newark Evening News, Philadelphia Inquirer, In-

dianapolis News, Minneapolis Star, Buffalo Times, the Booth chain of papers in Michigan, and others. Two young men, Harold Hall and William LaVarre, were sent on a buying debauch through the South, purchasing four newspapers, and entering into negotiations for twenty others. Apparently, all these efforts were only interrupted when the fact of the investment in the Boston Traveler and Herald became public, through the researches of other Boston publishers. For all we know to the contrary, the halt may have been only temporary. Mr. Graustein of the I. P. and P. is certainly unrepentant, and there is no law, nor any other form of handicap, to prevent his buying a hundred million dollars' worth of papers if he wants to.

MR. DWIGHT F. DAVIS has a fine opportunity for a piece of constructive work as Governor-General of the Philippines. Mr. Stimson, in his short service there, brought about a better feeling among the Filipinos than had existed in many years, and there is no reason why Mr. Davis should not be able to consolidate these gains and augment them. Through his previous service as Assistant Secretary and Secretary of War, he has first-hand familiarity with many important aspects of the situation, and his general attitude is a guarantee that there will be no repetition of the fiasco of the late General Wood. If we are to insist on a continuance of our paternalistic attitude toward the Islands, Mr. Davis, at least, is qualified to make this an enlightened paternalism.

The O'Fallon Decision

BY a five-to-three decision the Supreme Court has, in the O'Fallon case, interjected a formidable obstacle to the success of utility regulation. It has almost capriciously upset years of work and seasoned conclusions by the trained experts of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and has disregarded the judgment of the three ablest minds in its own body—Justices Holmes, Brandeis and Stone. It has delivered another blow to its own prestige as a body capable of dealing intelligently with large economic problems, and has gone far to make public ownership of railroads the only logical course in the future.

In order to understand the confusion in which this decision has left the task of regulation, it is necessary to delve a little into the complexity of the issues involved in the case. The basic legal principle is that rates shall be so set that they shall provide a "fair return" on the aggregate value of the railroad properties used in public service. Congress has directed the Interstate Commerce Commission to determine the values of the several railroads to be used as a rate base. Since rates must be set for whole districts or regions rather than for single roads, what would be a fair return on

the aggregate value of all the roads in a region would undoubtedly provide less than a fair return for some roads and more for others. This gave rise to the device of recapture embodied in the Transportation Act of 1920. Whenever a road should earn more than 6 percent on its value, Congress provided that half the excess should be paid to the government and be employed as a fund to furnish credit to the weaker roads. It was in the endeavor to exercise this recapture provision that the O'Fallon case arose. The owners of the road contended that the Commission's estimate of its excess earnings was too large, since the value of the road as determined by the Commission was too small. The Commission chose to make this a test case by defending the method of valuation used—which was the same as the method being used for all the other railroads. The issue therefore directly affected the whole question of recapture. And it indirectly affected the valuations on the basis of which rates are fixed throughout the country.

How is the value of a railroad—whether for rate-making or recapture purposes—determined? Congress had directed the Commission to give "due consideration" to a number of factors, the most important of which are the original cost of the properties less depreciation, and the cost of reproducing them new. Obviously, it makes a good deal of difference to which of these factors the Commission gives the most weight. To build a railroad before 1914 cost much less than it would have cost to reproduce it in 1920. It would have cost more to build a railroad in 1920 than to reproduce it now. The wide fluctuation of cost of reproduction, due to the great price changes incident to the War, was not foreseen when Congress first embodied this provision in the law, or when the courts, in utility cases, first mentioned it. The idea was introduced rather as a check on inflated costs of construction and inflated capitalization, in a period when general price levels changed comparatively little. Before the War the railroads argued that original costs alone should be considered, while the public representatives argued that if a railroad could be reproduced at a lower price than its investment account showed, it was entitled to a return only on the reproduction cost. But since the War, the tune of the railroads has changed. They, like most of the other utilities, have contended that the "value" of their properties is what it would cost to reproduce them at the much higher prices of today. Acceptance of this doctrine, as the newspaper headlines have emphasized, might add as much as \$11,000,000,000 to railroad valuations, and a corresponding amount to rates.

Faced with this dilemma, the Interstate Commerce Commission applied a compromise method. It first determined, at great expense, what it would have cost to reproduce the railroads in 1914, stating that, before that time, original costs were difficult to ascertain, and probably would not differ materially from reproduction costs, because price

changes had been negligible since the dates of most of the construction. It then brought the estimate of value up to date by adding the actual costs of additions and betterments since 1914, and subtracting depreciation. Land was excepted from this procedure, being valued at present prices. This procedure it defended largely on grounds of economic practicability. In the first place, by this plan the valuations could be kept constantly up to date by a mere accounting procedure, whereas to keep on redetermining the cost of reproduction every year would involve cumbersome engineering inventories and dubious estimates impossible to carry out promptly. In the second place, if weight were given to cost of reproduction since 1914, there was no logical stopping point short of giving this factor prime consideration. By what mental juggling could it be decided how much weight should be given to the theoretical increases in "value" arising from changes in the price level, if it was not to be wholly decisive? But if reproduction cost were to be taken as the sole factor, the result would be absurd and injurious in the extreme. Rapid and wide fluctuations in value and hence in rates would have to be made. A dangerous element of instability would be introduced into our economic order, which would aggravate the evil effects of price inflation and deflation. If the court should decide that values of railroad property must now be raised according to post-war costs of reproduction, furthermore, rates which would provide a "fair return" upon these values would be so high that the railroads themselves would not desire to change them; the discouragement which they would provide to traffic would in itself reduce earnings. We should then be treated to the strange spectacle of the railroads voluntarily charging rates lower than those which the court had decided would be confiscatory of railroad property if fixed by the Commission. It was ridiculous, moreover, to assume that the values fixed by the Commission, on which the roads had actually been earning something less than the "fair return" of $5\frac{3}{4}$ percent, were economically too low, when the roads making this return had found little difficulty in attracting the new investment which they required.

These practical considerations the majority opinion of the Supreme Court, as written by Justice McReynolds, now brushes aside without even deigning to discuss them. It contents itself with saying that the Commission erred on legalistic grounds by not giving "due consideration" to the cost of reproduction since 1914. Congress and the courts had both decided that consideration must be given this factor; the Commission had not done so; therefore it was wrong. Commissioner Eastman, in his opinion accompanying the original ruling of the Commission, had dealt with this objection. He acknowledged that the process adopted by the Commission appeared to be in conflict with certain Supreme Court decisions in non-railroad cases which gave primary weight to the cost of reproduction.

But he pointed out that the decisions of the court itself were conflicting in this matter. And he argued that it was the function of the Commission, not blindly to follow legal precedent, but to use its own best judgment in dealing with such highly complex and difficult practical issues, in the hope that the judges, who after all were not railroad experts and had many other things to think of, would be enlightened by its reasoning. His estimate of the court's open-minded intelligence was evidently too high.

What is the Commission to do now? If it should again consider how much weight should be given to reproduction cost since 1914, again decide that little weight should be given to it, and reaffirm its valuation, the court would undoubtedly repeat its verdict that the Commission had not given this matter "due consideration." But what is "due consideration"? If the Commission should raise values 5 percent, in view of increased costs of reproduction, would that be enough? Or would 10 percent, or 15 percent be required? The court, of course, gives no hint; there is no basis in reason for it to do so. Any such compromise would undoubtedly bring further legal challenge from the railroads; the matter would remain unsettled throughout further months and years of litigation. Revaluations would be filed on top of revaluations while actual regulation rusted and became unworkable. If the Commission follows the plain inference of the court's opinion, it will honor those precedents which give virtually full force to cost of reproduction new. In that case, the railroads undoubtedly will not wish to charge as much as their valuations would permit. And there will be few excess earnings to recapture, since most of the companies will not be making more than 6 percent on their enlarged valuations. Rate regulation and recapture will thus both become dead letters; the roads can fix rates as they please. And there is also the possibility that in the future a steadily declining price level might eventually bring the cost of reproduction down to a point where the railroads would try to upset the legal precedent they have now established, and further confusion would ensue.

The incubus of the valuation controversy thus threatens to destroy the very basis of regulation. What else is there for the consumers to turn to, except public ownership? Whatever may be the inefficiencies of the better forms of public ownership—and we are inclined to believe they are not as black as they are painted—it at least avoids the enormous economic wastes which have proved to be associated with valuation. Under public ownership, costs of the property are known; the public merely has to pay a fixed and low return on the money it borrows; and these borrowings may be amortized and the return in the end canceled. The utility becomes an institution for service, instead of a property which, by manipulation of abstruse economic and legal theory in expensive litigation, can be made a fountain of profits for favored individuals.

In Reply to Mr. Ward

THE article by Mr. Patrick J. Ward, which we publish elsewhere in this issue, puts the Catholic case against birth control about as well as anybody can put it. Mr. Ward is moderate and intelligent, and his attitude toward the problem of poverty, and toward social amelioration in general, is that which is shared by most of our readers. In spite of these facts, we do not see how anyone can agree with his position, except under the influence of a profound emotional bias, which is beyond the reach of reason. To have such a bias it is not necessary, of course, to be a Catholic. Some Protestant churches take the same position and for reasons which are in part identical. The New Republic is just as much opposed to obscurantism by one group as another, and much of the criticism which follows applies with equal force to both.

The opposition to birth control on the part of the Catholic Church goes back historically to a time when it was much better justified than it is today. From the earliest times, nearly all peoples have artificially limited the population, usually by infanticide. Contraception comes much later in the scale, and has in fact been widely known and utilized only within the past century. When death rates were enormously high, there was some reason for high birth rates; the Church wanted stalwart sons and daughters as did Kaiser Wilhelm before the War, and as Mussolini does today. There was once no other method of maintaining a large population, even though such a high proportion of the babies sojourned only briefly in this world and then went to fill the cemeteries. With a low death rate, however, a very much smaller number of births per annum will produce an augmented annual increase in the population. Even if you assume that an increasing population is a good thing for any country—a point as to which there is grave dispute—the miracles of modern medicine have destroyed the necessity which once justified the Church's historic doctrine.

There is the best of reason to believe that this fact is already recognized, and acted upon, by many members of the Church. The birth rate in several Catholic countries is declining with a rapidity which strongly suggests that it is subject to deliberate control. Mr. Ward admits the decline but suggests that it may be due to other factors. That this is not the case is shown by the example of Italy, which is overwhelmingly Catholic, and in which birth-control information is interdicted both by the Church and by Mussolini. There has been no change in any other factor such as would support Mr. Ward's contention, yet the birth rate is steadily and rapidly declining. The same thing is true in other Catholic regions—Bavaria, for instance—and there is good reason to believe that it is true in the Catholic population of the United States. Three generations ago, ten or twelve children were rather the rule than the exception; how many Catholics do the readers

of The New Republic know who have families of that size today? There are, to be sure, factors other than contraception which tend to reduce the number of children, notably the postponement of marriage, but no one can suppose that these are sufficient, in the case of either the Catholics or others, to explain a reduction in the birth rate of one half.

Mr. Ward says that his church does not require its communicants to have as many children as are humanly possible. It permits limitation of offspring through abstaining from intercourse, and he assumes that such "abstinence and continence" are identical with "virtue." The question whether married couples ought to live together but abstain from intercourse for long periods of time is one as to which the opinion of any layman, Catholic or non-Catholic, or of any church official, is of negligible importance. It is a question for doctors and psychologists, and even among these, the opinion of rigid members of any religious sect, Catholic or Protestant, which preaches continence should be barred on the ground that it is impossible for such a person to look at the question in an attitude of scientific impartiality. If these prejudiced witnesses are excluded, there can be no question but that modern medical leaders do not approve of such abstinence. The correlation between it and psychic disorders of various kinds is too high to be accidental.

Mr. Ward cites the views of those who would give birth-control information only in exceptional circumstances, and makes much of the argument that in practice it would be difficult to draw the line between these unusual cases and others. This is a point which we are not interested in refuting; we believe that parenthood should be voluntary under all circumstances, and that anyone who wants information regarding contraception should have it. This information is now practically universal among the rich and the middle classes; it is only the poor who are ignorant. It should be said, however, that the condition he objects to is the one set up by the law in New York State and elsewhere, and no serious difficulties appear to be encountered because of it. Even if there were a risk that information would get into the wrong hands, such a danger seems to us greatly preferable to the alternative, which is withholding the information from those who, even under the definition in the law, are held to deserve it.

Neither are we impressed by Mr. Ward's artificial distinction between those who believe in conscious control of population growth, and those who seek amelioration of the economic causes of poverty. No such distinction exists in fact. The supporters of birth control do not naïvely assume that the universal practice of voluntary parenthood will solve all social questions; there is no inconsistency in fighting both for this principle and for other devices for improving the lot of the common man. All the programs Mr. Ward so proudly enumerates have

in fact been carried farthest in the countries where the use of birth control is most widespread; they are least advanced in those countries, many of them dominated by his own church, where the practice is under religious or legal prohibition, or both. When he says, in succeeding sentences, that "it is worse than useless, because the only advice it offers the struggling masses is to adjust themselves to their economic level," and that "to all classes it proffers a soft life, a 'sybarite ease,' a deadly sophistry," he not only directly contradicts himself, but his first statement is untrue to the historic facts, as untrue as his assumption that "those who support artificial birth restriction" and "those who hold that the gratification of sexual appetite is the central purpose in marital life" are one and the same.

Mr. Ward's article is confined to the theory of his church; it is only fair that we should look also at the facts. In actual practice, in the typical Catholic countries, we find a wide tolerance for extra-marital sexual experience on the part of men, and, to a much lesser degree, on the part of women. While their death rates, and especially their infant death rates, have declined, they are still tragically high, far higher than in the countries where birth control is more generally in use. These are the countries, too, where women are most completely in a state of subjection. Such a gap between idealistic theory and sordid practice is too wide to be ignored by anyone who is realistically seeking the truth.

Strongest of all the indictments of the Catholic position in regard to birth control is its policy which in the United States has been largely successful, of having its views embodied in legislation which applies to all citizens. If the Church wishes to impose its beliefs upon its own members, that is, after all, the Church's own business, although The New Republic believes that the situation which results may become so serious as to require the attention of the whole community. But a far different picture is created when the Church tries to inflict its views upon everyone, Catholics and non-Catholics alike—a charge which Mr. Ward says he "resents," but one which is nevertheless true. The Catholic policy is in the first place an admission that the moral authority of the Church with its own communicants is not strong enough to ensure obedience, so that the admonitions of the priests have to be backed by the law; and in the second place, it is an attempt to improve people's morals by legislation, a policy to which prominent Catholics are bitterly opposed when the Protestants do it in the case of prohibition. Every one of the arguments which the Catholic writers have so skillfully applied in criticism of the Eighteenth Amendment is just as logical when turned against the Church's attitude on birth control. The readiness with which the Church adopts the methods of the Puritans in behalf of its own cause inevitably throws under suspicion the sincerity of its argument for freedom in other fields. And finally, the Church's attitude is a support of igno-

rance as opposed to knowledge; it is on a par with the discarded doctrine of the *index expurgatorius*; it is an effort to keep darkness where there could be light. Such an effort, we submit, is out of line with the whole march of civilization.

To recite these facts about the Catholic opposition to birth control indicates, in our opinion, the inevitability of an alteration of the Church's attitude in the not-so-distant future. The thought of the Church in regard to this subject crystallized in an era before women had achieved even the partial emancipation which is theirs today. It did not then matter in the least that this dogma in practice has put no restraints upon men—seems, indeed, to have been created for their especial benefit—while it has subjected women to burdens which in many cases are almost insupportable. Today it matters increasingly, and the fact that some women accept these burdens cheerfully, and support the doctrine which is so cruelly unfair to their sex as a whole, will not stand in the way of alteration. The other fact of importance we have already suggested: the Church's attitude was created at a time when high death rates made a corresponding high birth rate socially desirable in order to maintain the population. With death rates now reduced by a half, and the infant death rates in some countries by three-quarters, the Catholic doctrine would, if it were still implicitly obeyed, soon swamp the western world with overpopulation. The Church has never yet failed to throw overboard a doctrine which has become conspicuously obsolete, and we predict that this will be the case with its opposition to the voluntary parenthood movement. When this has happened, such a defense as Mr. Ward has written will seem even to Catholic communicants a curiosity for a museum.

Education Viewed by Its Victims

THE PRIZE contest conducted by The New Republic for college undergraduates and recent graduates, for the best essay on "College as It Might Be," produced an interesting cross-section of the collegiate mind of today, and one worth considering for its own sake. That the replies were fairly representative is indicated, we feel, both by their number and their character. Well over a hundred essays were received, coming from nearly four-score colleges, in twenty American states and in Canada. Every part of the United States was represented in about the proportions to be expected on a basis of the college population. The men, it is interesting to note, outnumbered the women by about two to one.

On the questions suggested for special consideration by the terms of the contest, there was, in most cases, a decided preponderance of opinion. Thus, in regard to location, sixteen favored the country and thirty-three the city, or a place near the city.

For coeducation there were forty-two as against nine opposed. For fraternities there were thirteen, with twenty-four opposed. The issue which elicited the largest number of expressed opinions was athletics: out of fifty-two only four expressed themselves as in favor of intercollegiate contests; forty-eight proposed intramural contests or no organization of sports whatever.

Undoubtedly the subject and terms of the contest appealed to a selected group of thoughtful and critical students whose sense of dissatisfaction with conditions as they find them is strong. In the whole body of material the critical attitude was expressed freely and trenchantly, while positive measures of improvement were put forward in most cases tentatively and guardedly. In this respect the mind of the student does not differ from that of his teachers. Naturally, the thought of the student was influenced by the experiments in undergraduate education now in progress in various institutions. In particular, the Experimental College of the University of Wisconsin has appealed to the imagination of students throughout the country, and traces of its influence appeared in a large number of essays. The method of instruction in preceptorial groups, led by genuine teachers, was very generally advocated as against the lecture system. In the matter of curriculum, the plan of giving a large part of the first two years to survey and orientation courses, now in vogue in many institutions, met with general approval; and the policy of specialization in fields, rather than in departments of learning, involved in the final honors system at Harvard, Swarthmore, Smith and elsewhere, was commended. There was a fairly general protest against academic machinery of all sorts, against grading systems, examinations, and, rather surprisingly, against degrees and the ceremonies connected with graduation, which are supposed to console the earnest student for his lack of recognition in athletic and social life. If we may take the evidence elicited by the contest as in any sense typical, there is obviously a very general suspicion on the part of thoughtful students that they are being duped, not to say exploited, for institutional ends not immediately associated with their own interests and purposes: intercollegiate football exists for the benefit of the public, whose organs, the newspapers, bitterly combat efforts to limit it; fraternities have become the vested interests of alumni who have not outgrown college politics; the academic ritual of courses, lectures and examinations is kept alive by professors who have no other means of maintaining themselves—one interesting suggestion was that examinations should be set for the purpose of testing the efficiency of teaching rather than diligence in learning; and degrees are granted for the convenience of alumni secretaries in establishing lists of future donors to the institution. In the midst of exaggeration and irony, there were genuine and wholesome signs of weariness and impatience with what is comprehensively called bunk.

The essays submitted were perhaps as remarkable for what they did not contain as for what they did. An example was the almost complete absence of any reference to religious activity or the relation of higher education to supernatural concerns, such as salvation and immortality. In view of the ecclesiastical origin and history of universities, and the contemporary affiliations of many of them, this evidence of the secularization of the student body is interesting. Another omission was the lack of consideration of the relation of college years to preparation for later life, or even to subsequent graduate and professional studies. The general tendency was to discuss the college course as a self-contained unit, a period in which the student has an opportunity to become acquainted with essential and intrinsic values, things worth while in themselves as tending toward that heightening of consciousness which we call beauty, and not merely instrumental and relative to future welfare, either personal or social. Those students who see the dilemma of the unadjusted graduate are appalled by it, but show in face of it only a gently bewildered idealism. One essay, indeed, raised the question which lies at the basis of the whole discussion: How is it possible to conceive of college in terms satisfactory to its ideal, when it issues from and leads into a society in which spiritual and social values are at a discount in comparison with material success? It is the dilemma to which Professor Dewey calls attention in comparing elementary education in the United States with that in Russia, the difficulty of maintaining in schools standards of good will and coöperation in conduct which are at variance with the processes of a competitive and predatory society. Does college exist to train its graduates to succeed in the present world, or to make a better world? College authorities would doubtless cry vociferously "Both," having, like their students, ceased to bother with a religion which says, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." This compromise, however, is a subject for discussion by those who are responsible for the college, not those who are only its beneficiaries—or, as some of our essayists would have it, its victims.

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The Catholics and Birth Control

Some time ago The New Republic published in its correspondence columns a letter from Mrs. Margaret Sanger, the noted leader in the birth-control movement, in which she quoted Mr. P. J. Ward of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, of Washington, D. C., on the question of the official Catholic point of view regarding birth control. Mr. Ward replied, in a letter which we also published, saying that "the statements attributed to me and given by Mrs. Sanger in quotation were never made by me and are not a definition 'of the attitude of the Catholic Church concerning the morals and habits of non-Catholics.'"

In view of this correspondence, and also in view of the general present public interest in the Catholic position on birth control, The New Republic invited Mr. Ward to write for its pages a definite statement of the Catholic attitude, which he has done in the article which follows. We, of course, do not need to say that we present his views purely as a matter of information, and that they do not represent the attitude of The New Republic. An editorial comment on his argument will be found in an article on page 32 of this issue.—THE EDITORS.

THE teaching of the Catholic Church on contraception, or, as it is more commonly but inaccurately termed, birth control, is reasonable and healthful, and is mindful of those elements that work for the best interests of society. Chief among these are a spirit of self-mastery, of conscious and willing sacrifice, an understanding of the place of the individual in the social cosmos, a realization of the ordered relations of body and soul.

The individual who successfully carries these into his personal life and relationships is the vital constructive force in society and the fiber of the State. He is putting into action what is essential to all human well-being, love of God and love of neighbor. This requires that he live faithfully according to all God's commandments and be ever ready to make personal sacrifices for the common good.

He who fails to make this the measure of his conduct is a weakness in society. His actions are characterized by a lack of self-control, a spirit of willfulness and self-love, a desire to avoid responsibility, and an inability to realize that the body must be governed by that superior faculty which marks off man distinctively from the animal world in the functions of which he participates.

Those who support artificial birth restriction and who hold that the gratification of sexual appetite is the central purpose in marital life are simply adhering to the view that the human being is primarily governed by his animal appetites rather than

by his intellect. It is safe to assume that these persons do not truly understand the unselfish, spiritual love which is peculiar to human creatures.

The Catholic Church teaches that the artificial prevention of conception by mechanical, chemical, or other means is intrinsically evil. Since this is the universal moral law, it applies with equal force to Catholic and non-Catholic.

The declining birth rate in so-called Catholic countries is often adduced as evidence that Catholics practise birth control. A decline in the birth rate is not in itself evidence of contraceptive practices. There are, no doubt, Catholics who practise contraception. There are also Catholics who commit murder, robbery, and other crimes which are against the moral law.

Declining populations, in the sense of decreasing fertility, are characteristic of all western countries during the past fifty years. In comparing one country with another, several factors have to be considered: age of population, female live births, emigration, etc. In 1910 France and Ireland had the lowest birth rates in northwestern Europe, but by 1926, Ireland's birth rate was the highest in Europe, and the French birth rate exceeded that of England, Sweden, or Switzerland.

The Church does not forbid the limitation of families under all or any conditions. In the family, as in other relationships, it expects its children to exercise prudence and foresight. It does not require child-bearing without regard to the health of the mother or to the family income. It simply teaches that if a limitation is placed on the number of children brought into the world it must be done through abstinence and continence. The Christian life surely requires the exercise of virtue as well as of worldly wisdom.

Catholics examine the population problem—which does not stand by itself, but is only a part of the larger social problem—and contribute to its true solution in the light of human well-being, which is the ground-work of Catholic ethics. Present society might be likened to a machine in which the various parts are out of adjustment, ill-fitting and not working harmoniously. The spiritual, social and economic elements in that society may be compared to the driving power and to the various integrating wheels and cogs which must fit in with each other if the machine is to perform its functions. A part which seems small, detached, or of little consequence goes wrong and the whole machine is thrown out of gear. The machine depends on the adjustment of all its units. On the other hand, no part, regardless of how much time and effort are spent in improving it, will work properly or for long while the machine as a whole is not functioning as

it should. The problem is not to be solved by getting this or that isolated pair of wheels into correspondence, but by making the whole machine workable.

This is a reasonable and constructive attitude toward the question. It rightly places on society the burden of fairly meeting and solving those concrete difficulties of wages, rent, profit, and distribution, which stand in the way of progressive amelioration of social ills. Nothing is gained by circumventing these evils, as birth-controllers propose to do, and airily passing off their proper solution to some future generation.

The effort made by the more extreme advocates of birth control to sweep away completely the present laws which prevent circulation through the mails and the importation across our borders or through our ports of contraceptive instruments, medicines, or literature, has not, I believe, the support of any responsible body of citizens in this country. The principal religious groups recognize the tremendous moral and social dangers inherent in the teaching and practice of birth control. The Methodist Church, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Lutheran, and other denominations, are as steadfastly opposed to these changes in the law as is the Catholic Church.

The repeal of these laws would mean the open display and sale in drug stores of birth-control appliances and drugs, as is the case in other countries. It could not have other than a most degrading effect on the minds and habits of the people. The United States mails would be open to every kind of pornographic literature and advertisement.

This would be the effect of the Cummins-Vaile and similar bills. The American Birth Control League has stated it does not favor these sweeping changes, but proposes amending legislation to permit physicians legally to prescribe and use contraceptive appliances and to allow such appliances and information regarding them and their use to go freely through the mails. The futility of restricting contraception to certain cases is dealt with later in this article.

The Catholic Church, with other Christian religions, upholds laws which defend public morality and well-being. The repeal or modification of the laws in question would put the State in the position of lending itself to a course of conduct which is morally and intrinsically evil. In other words, the information which birth-controllers seek now to have disseminated is not simply that advocating birth control in general terms. This is published and carried in the mails under present statutes. What is desired is the distribution of instruments, drugs and the specific information (instructions, clinical reports, photographs, diagrams, advertisements, etc.) showing actual ways and means of achieving contraception. The dissemination of this knowledge has the sole purpose of encouraging persons to practise contraception. Contraception is not a matter of choice with the individual, but is for-

bidden by the natural law which is binding on all men, regardless of their religious beliefs. The laws of the State must conform to the natural law. The State has an obligation to resist any movement which threatens its peace, stability and general welfare.

Catholics have no apology to make in the matter. They have the right to resent this inveterate habit of certain people who, because Catholics oppose a policy or a law which they believe to be against good morals and public welfare, place them in the light of opposing the wishes of the people, or of interfering in the affairs of non-Catholics.

In the statutes forbidding the sale and distribution of contraceptives, the civil law is reaffirming the natural law, as it does in the case of adultery or polygamy. There are those in this country who advocate free love and who look on marriage as an antediluvian superstition. Catholics would oppose, as would the majority of citizens of the country, any effort to repeal or modify the criminal statutes relating to adultery and polygamy. The United States government disincorporated the Mormon Church and confiscated its property when it refused to obey the law on monogamy. The Catholic Church will oppose the dissemination of birth-control information directly because such knowledge has the purpose of inducing practices which are a breach of the moral law, which the State has the duty to uphold for its preservation and the welfare of its citizens.

There are those who urge contraception as a branch of preventive medicine. One group would make its medical application general, another would confine it to certain exceptional cases where morphological defect is present or where there may be abnormal or defective children. But the advocates of birth control in this limited field know very well that it cannot be so confined.

Birth control being essentially evil, no case can be supposed in which it would be right. But even in claiming that there are exceptional circumstances, birth-controllers are in an untenable position. Morality cannot depend upon circumstances. Who is to judge when the circumstances are exceptional? In cases of ill health or physical defect it will be either the individual or the physician. Among doctors there assuredly will be, as there is now, wide division of opinion. In similar cases physicians will or will not recommend contraception according to their own personal attitude towards the practice. There are many doctors, and non-Catholic doctors too, like Dr. Howard Kelly, foremost gynecologist, who would place contraceptive practice side by side with prostitution. There will be, in every town, city, and village, doctors who will be known by their favoring or opposing contraceptive practices and their clientele will run accordingly. Such a state of affairs would ruin professional standards and ethics.

The matter will not stop with the opinions of

doctors. Individuals will be judges in their own cause and that cause will assuredly not be judged merely on the ground of physical ills. Poverty—a relative condition apart from destitution—will be advanced, as it is now, as one justification. Social demands will be another. The pains and the cost of child-bearing and rearing, even for healthy mothers, will be another. Married couples with an income from \$2,000 to \$20,000 can think up a thousand social reasons why they should limit their families by contraceptive methods.

On one side stands the teaching of the Catholic Church which insists on absolute continence, a by no means impossible practice, as against the use of artificial means to frustrate conception. But it does not stop there. It points a way, through the social teachings of the Gospel, for society to seek relief from undue hardships and from injustice. It urges a sound social reconstruction, calling forth to the task everything that is best in human nature, the heroic qualities in men, self-mastery, unselfishness and sacrifice. These elements are essential in the preservation of the family, the home, the State, and the race.

On the other side are the teachings and practice of birth control. They aim at the removal of barriers in the way of abundantly satisfying physical love. They assume that sexual gratification is dominant in marital life and outweighs all questions of self-sacrifice and self-denial. They hold that continence is impossible for the average man or woman. The improvement of the general social condition is secondary, if a consideration at all. That the poor should practise birth control to alleviate their condition is on the assumption of a static wage value, which they can only try to equalize by reducing their numbers. A more deadly economic and social doctrine can hardly be imagined. Birth control, like other forms of unchastity, frustrates the divine plan of unselfishness among human beings, the criterion of all moral and social progress.

Generally the motives of those who practise birth control are the deliberate purpose of avoiding care and responsibility, and the increasing of material comforts. These become the theme of life not only for the parents themselves, but for the children who are permitted to come into the world. These children are conceived and reared on the principle that physical and material well-being and worldly progress are the paramount things in life.

Now, what does the Church offer as an escape from this dreadful abyss of race suicide? First of all, it is essential that charity—love of God and love of neighbor—pervade every human relation. It is the sum of the commandments. Without it men's efforts profit nothing. The Church teaches the practice of the Christian virtues, prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance. Here is a whole life theme. That it is not merely an idealistic one is witnessed by the fact that, in modern materialistic America, the idea of wholesome Christian social service has been systematized, financially endowed,

and carried to a point unsurpassed in any other country. It is founded in these Christian virtues. In that direction lies a solution of many problems on which birth control parasitically propagates.

The Catholic Bishops of the United States have formulated a program of social reconstruction, and every effort is being made by Catholic social agencies, notably the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, to put this program into operation. The Bishops have stated, with regard to attempts to reduce wages, that "a living wage is not necessarily the full measure of justice. . . . Since our industrial resources and instrumentalities are sufficient to provide more than a living wage for a very large proportion of the workers, why should we acquiesce in a theory which denies them this measure of the comforts of life? Such a policy is not only of very questionable morality, but is unsound economically."

A problem of overpopulation does not exist in the United States. But there is a condition of overcrowding in our cities, which is a very different question from that of overpopulation.

In urging the continuation of housing projects for the working classes, the Bishops said: "The great cities in which congestion and other forms of bad housing are disgracefully apparent ought to take up and continue the work at least to such an extent as will remove the worst features of a social condition that is a menace at once to industrial efficiency, civic health, good morals and religion."

The high cost of living is such a fruitful argument for urging birth control that it is to the point to quote the Bishops' program on this question.

The enormous toll taken from industry by the various classes of middlemen is now fully realized. The astonishing difference between the price received by the producer and that paid by the consumer has become a scandal of our industrial system. The obvious and direct means of reducing this discrepancy and abolishing unnecessary middlemen is the operation of retail and wholesale mercantile concerns under the ownership and management of the consumers. This is no Utopian scheme. It has been successfully carried out in England and Scotland through the Rochdale system. Very few serious efforts of this kind have been made in this country because our people have not felt the need of these coöperative enterprises as keenly as the European working classes, and because we have been too impatient and too individualistic to make the necessary sacrifices and to be content with moderate benefits and gradual progress.

In addition to reducing the cost of living, the coöperative stores would train our working people and consumers generally in habits of saving, in careful expenditure, in business methods, and in the capacity for coöperation. . . .

The matters of a minimum wage and of social insurance are also taken up. It is not necessary to say that wages are intimately related to the birth-

control problem. The program urges the several states to enact laws providing for the establishment of wage rates sufficient for the decent maintenance of a family in the case of all male adults, and adequate to the decent individual support of female workers. It calls for a wage rate high enough to provide not only for present needs, but for protection against sickness, accident, invalidity, and old age. Until this period of adjustment between wages and needs is established, insurance by levy on the industry is advocated. But such insurance is to be viewed simply as an emergency measure, since "the ideal to be kept in mind is a condition in which all the workers would themselves have the income and the responsibility of providing for all the needs and contingencies of life both present and future." The principle of coöperative production and co-partnership is urged and monopolistic control of commodities is condemned. "That the owners of public service monopolies should be restricted by law to a fair or average return on their actual investment has long been a recognized principle of the courts, the legislature and public opinion. It is a principle which should be applied to competitive enterprises likewise with the qualification that something more than the average rate of return should be allowed to men who exhibit exceptional efficiency."

This is getting right down to the roots of the matter. Here is a practical program of economic justice seeking to lift the working classes up while preserving the social equilibrium. Against the tide of social and economic injustice birth control is helpless. It is worse than useless, because the only advice it offers the struggling masses is to adjust themselves to their economic level. To all classes it proffers a soft life, a "sybarite ease," a deadly sophistry.

It cannot be said that the Catholic Church confines itself to uttering moral aphorisms. It is ever working for the good of the multitude and is always opposed to policies and practices which tend to break down man's self-respect, independence, moral and physical stamina. When these are gone, there is no end to downward paths of indulgence and degradation.

The temptations and hardships which husbands and wives suffer have led many to turn evil into good and to seek to include, under certain conditions, the essential evil of birth control among the moralities. When our social and economic system is functioning properly; when men all round, skilled and unskilled, get a fair day's pay for a fair day's work; when land and property owners in cities do not stand selfishly in the way of healthy building programs; when exorbitant rents are brought down to a level commensurate with the average person's income; when monopolistic control of food prices is broken down, these temptations will be removed, and light and courage will be restored to the weakened souls of men. They who, even through the hardships and the shadows, are faithful to the moral law are the constructive elements in human

society. Those who advocate the soporific of contraception are its enemies.

PATRICK J. WARD.

The Bridge

Our spirits cried aghast, and fading
as they cried,
shook mockery on our pride;
past evading,
like Attila down the wind
insistently there dinned
wheels made hammers burying rhyme.
Burdened earth with hurrying Time
groaned and trembled, shook amain,
a trestle under a thundering train
from fog of night to fog of night
screaming, clanging, wild alight
one instant. Then no more;
the dark shut like a door.

And yet we seek the flower
of dream, I said—
even though that dream be death!
In mist of lightest breath
dream wakes the river,
unfolds its water flowers
where the high iron towers.
In the shadow of that span
the marveller is Man.
He walks by the river. . . .
But fatefully, forever,
petals shower and fall
at the harsh ancient call—
strident, insistent,
near that was distant,
loud that was seeming—
life in full clangor,
the blood in its anger
over the spirit's dreaming
headlong hurled;
out of the fog of night,
into the fog of night,
the fury, the affright
of the roaring world.

The bridge and the river!
Have we then vainly sighed
to the infinite alight?
Was it this our spirits cried
as we quailed in the night?
No; deep and still and wide,
that sky of our pride
changeless holds the height.

Huge the iron rampart looms;
thunder-bolts, lightning dooms
course its length forever;
yet, what stars demean its span—
what stars below, for mortal man,
shine in the river!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Anglo-American Friendship

THE Englishman who returns home in these days, after an absence in America, feels the stirring of new forces. The electorate is tired of five years of inaction, and ashamed of rulers who sought the solution of our problems in inertia. Mr. Lloyd George may have marred his bid for opportunity by the antics of the cheap-jack, but he has brought into our listless politics a note of bigness and resolution, even of megalomania. The national pulse beats faster; the temperature is no longer subnormal; the whole scale of planning and expectation has been expanded. It is easier to guess in what proportions the three parties will be represented in the new House than to forecast the combinations by which a government will be formed. It is improbable that either Labor or the Tories will secure an absolute majority, and the play of Mr. Lloyd George's nimble wits round the slower personalities of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald will make a game as amusing as it is unpredictable.

Nothing is certain, but the chances are that new personalities and a new temper will go to the making of British foreign policy. Our election—such is the contrast in our destinies—will turn on unemployment, as yours circled round prosperity. But the international record of the Conservatives will also come under the fire of both sections of the opposition. The breach with Russia has injured trade, especially in the engineering industry; the neglect of the League has disappointed thoughtful voters, who are deeply uneasy over the quasi-alliance with France. But the heavier count in the indictments turns on the folly of Mr. Churchill and the clumsiness of Sir Austen Chamberlain in provoking a naval rivalry with the United States.

While there is hardly one Englishman in a hundred who admits to himself in plain words that some distant menace of war may burn in this rivalry, it has aroused an anxiety on our side of the Atlantic which Americans are slower to feel. Englishmen cannot forget the ominous experience through which they so recently passed. A war with Germany seemed no less "unthinkable," when first we began to measure our dreadnoughts against hers. Indeed, that very word was used by Mr. Asquith in his last interview with Ambassador Lichnowsky on the eve of the World War. Within a week the unthinkable proved to be do-able. One need not be a fatalist to realize that, if this active competition should survive the next Washington Conference, peace would be the plaything of any conflict of interests and any emotional storm. We have two years in which to rebuild its foundations. But even without this tragic reckoning, the case for the removal of this cause of friction and mistrust

is strong enough. While it disturbs our thoughts of each other, there can be no helpful collaboration. A few cruisers, too, may check the whole progress of civilization, and delay by a generation the constructive work of building peace on economic co-operation.

One may discover good omens in the two incidents that have preoccupied our press in recent weeks, but the roots of a perplexing difficulty are still entwined in the situation. With the single exception of one popular newspaper, the Daily Express, the British press handled the case of the "I'm Alone" with commendable calm. The incident has made it clear that the miserable naval rivalry has not yet affected our nerves, nor created a mood of ill-will. The other affair was more interesting, and opens wider vistas. I am the last person to undertake a defense of the action of the British Electric Company, which is manifestly open to question both on financial grounds and from the standpoint of Anglo-American relations. Yet it is important to understand the uneasiness that precipitated it. Those who know anything of American habits of thought realize that, as yet, there is no political motive behind American investments in Europe. But for Europeans to believe in this non-political attitude is very difficult. Apprehension lay back of the churlish action of the General Electric Company. "Where is this process to stop?" one hears the average nationalist Englishman asking. "Must we, too, become a sphere of interest, a financial satrapy of Washington and Wall Street?"

The quarrelsome statistics of admirals could do little harm, were it not for the emotional background of these comparative figures of tonnage and gunnage. One day some cosmopolitan Dr. Freud will turn his attention to the lesions and abnormalities of the national soul. If we could analyze them candidly, half the risks of irrational conduct would disappear. Our own case in England is that we have not yet adjusted ourselves to the immense change that the War has brought about in our status. Military victory is a poor solace for economic defeat. We were the first, we are now the second, of economic powers. We used to build our fleet against any three conceivable opponents; in place of this towering superiority, we must now acknowledge an equal. To that equal, who can, as we well know, outbuild us at will, we stand in an uneasy parental relation. Psychologists have studied the conflicts within the soul of Oedipus; no one has yet analyzed what might have happened in the mind of his father, Laius, had he survived the encounter at the cross-roads. He struggles to main-

tain his outward calm, but under the surface there is tension; and Oedipus, never guessing what is passing in the troubled soul of the old king, is not always tactful.

Mr. Coolidge, in his Armistice Day speech, defined the line of conduct which should guide him in his dealings with Europe. Four principles, he announced, should govern it: "patience, forbearance, restraint, and helpfulness." Few nations would enjoy the role of giving occasion for the display of these majestic virtues. It is peculiarly painful to watch another playing the Christian at one's own expense, especially when helpfulness seems profitable. If Europe in general, and England in particular, feels restless over the question of the debt, it is because the War has aggravated the old contrast between the relative levels of wealth on the two shores of the Atlantic. Real wages, if one can accept the League of Nations' figures, stand at an index of 185 in Philadelphia, as against 100 in London, and 68 in Paris. But this question of the debt drives us into the most contradictory postures, all of them uncomfortable. Too proud to ask for easier terms, we are not above criticizing our creditor. The subject, indeed, in its narrower bearing on our insular selves, has lost its actuality, for we now receive a yearly revenue from our continental debtors which cancels out our payments to the United States. But the average British citizen does not know that this balance has been attained, and the recollection of earlier difficulties persists, as he contrasts the burdens of taxation in the two countries. All this is irrelevant to the question of the cruisers, but it provokes an emotional atmosphere in which a rational solution will demand unusual self-mastery. Nations in this temper are capable of keeping the peace and observing all the correctitudes of intercourse; and yet, as sedulously and as invariably, they will avoid the solutions which alone can make a positive peace—a peace of active coöperation.

Over these intangible matters of sentiment we cannot argue; still less can we negotiate. The cruisers form the pivot of our common destiny. We say "cruisers," when we mean economic domination, debts, and what you will; and it is over cruisers that we must come to terms. Nor is there anything illogical in this narrowing of the issue. The question, in naked terms, is whether we intend, one day or another, to wrestle with each other for the mastery of the world. Realists who believe that the past must repeat itself will argue that this is inevitable; and the precedents are all in their favor. In conceiving the possibility, nay, the duty of maintaining a cordial and lasting peace forever, the two chief naval powers are attempting a daring adventure in conduct. Never before in the world's history has such a dualism in power endured for long. It can endure only on one condition: that each of us has in effect renounced the whole conception of mastery, for it is not practicable to bisect

the world, and delimit our spheres of predominance. American investments in the Old World are themselves a proof, as Europeans read events, that the solution by isolation is doomed. Nor is it probable that an active struggle for mastery could be fought to the finish with economic weapons alone. The risk is that, at some stage of that struggle, the weaker rival would attempt to recover by arms what he had lost in the competition to buy power.

It was well to start by renouncing "war as an instrument of national policy," but if the renunciation is to be effective, we must make ready to advance much further. It is the whole notion of predominance that must be scrapped, which means that, on this foundation of an ethical principle, we must work out an organic system of mutual aid, especially in the economic field. And there lies the one tragedy of Anglo-American relations, for although this is the typical creed of European idealists and progressives, we note in the leaders of American pacific thinking—and notably in Senator Borah—a more negative and individualistic attitude, as if peace were a mere refraining from war. It cannot be that in the modern world. Today nations touch and interpenetrate so intimately, that we must either coöperate or compete.

Here, it is evident, we are at the gateway of a long road of evolution; but what are the urgent and immediate steps? The naval controversy, it seems to me, should be settled gradually, by several progressive stages. Logically, the cruiser difficulty involves the whole subject of sea-law and the rights of neutrals. But are we ready yet for conference on this difficult subject? Is not the gap between the Senate's view and the traditional British position so wide that any attempt to bridge it now would result in a failure, which might make our relations still worse? Is not the first step to make an end of competitive cruiser-building? Here, one inclines to think, the only wise solution is a frank acceptance of literal parity in tonnage.

Parity may be, from the technical standpoint, a nonsensical conception. A moment's reflection shows that, even if our two fleets were an exact copy and duplicate the one of the other, the result might not be an equality of naval strength, for the two fleets must operate under widely different geographical conditions, with functions which differ no less widely. None the less, it is certain that unless we both accept this notion of mathematical parity, we shall stir up perilous dreams of prestige. To accept parity, and to do it with our eyes open to its fallacies, is to renounce all thoughts of naval competition, and by implication to forswear any struggle for world mastery. To attain that, one would gladly swallow even a grossly inaccurate formula. The essential thing is to stabilize the two building programs at figures that each side will willingly approve. It would be a wise act on the British side, if we could in any degree ease the American task of defending the Panama Canal by voluntarily

offering to demilitarize our own possessions in and near the Caribbean Sea. Then, perhaps, when all thought of naval rivalry had disappeared, we might venture to examine together the thorny question of sea-law and neutrality.

On this subject the pioneering work has already been done in outline. The only conceivable solution is that which The New Republic has advocated; Mr. Howland has given his authoritative support to it, and it is implicit in the terms of Senator Capper's resolution. But indeed, it is rather older than any of these suggestions, and its authorship makes it as authentically American as the theory of outlawry itself. It was foreshadowed in the second of Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points, which requires that the seas shall be absolutely free, in war as in peace, save in so far as they may be closed by international covenants. It is not, at first sight, an easy idea for either side to accept. It means little less than the emasculation of sea-power, in any operations conducted without the express authority of the civilized world. That, to the British Admiralty, is bound to seem an intolerable surrender. On the other hand, it seems to require from the United States at least a willingness to consult with the League's Council, in order that they may jointly

decide when a breach of the League's Covenant is also an infraction of the Kellogg Pact.

One assumes that the United States would not actively support its citizens, when both pact and government had been violated, in any attempts to break through a League embargo or blockade. Active participation by the United States is not necessary; it is enough that she should not frustrate the League's action. If Washington would give this negative recognition to the League's police measures, then, it seems to most British liberals, we ought to accept, in any naval operations that the League and America had refused to sanction, the widest and most generous definition of neutral rights. But one should not minimize the significance of this advance. It means the adoption of conference and collaboration as the habitual rule in every case of menace to world peace. It would remove the only dangerous threat to Anglo-American friendship. If we could go so far, would any peril survive that could excuse the present scale of our armaments? Might one not, if this issue of sea-law were amicably settled, go on to discuss the scaling down of naval building by 50 percent, if no more?

London.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

\$10.64 a Week¹

First-Hand Testimony by a Textile Striker at Elizabethton, Tennessee

WHEN I went to Elizabethton on October 31, 1928, I hired on in the final inspection section bureau. I was supposed to get \$16 a week. My first check was \$10.08. I was under instruction for two weeks, then I was placed over the reinspection department. I have fifty-two girls working under me. I was very well pleased with my money, for I thought maybe after two or three weeks they would give me a raise. Well, I worked for \$10.08 over the reinspection department until the first pay check in February, and I got a raise, \$10.64 a week.

I asked for a raise for my girls, and I was refused. On the Friday before we came out on strike, on March 12, I asked my foreman for a raise, and he refused. I asked a raise for my girls and he still refused. My work consists of the best quality of silk that is produced in the plant. We

reinspect this silk and fill our orders for Germany and America. I asked for a raise and he says, "Well, what's the need of givin' you a raise, you are makin' enough." I says, "Mr. Burnett, I have been sick and have two doctor bills to pay, \$5 a week board, \$1 for laundry, and \$1 for transportation [the mills are some distance out of the town where the workers live], and then you see what I have left. I don't have anything for clothes." They expect you to come fresh every morning with something nice and clean to wear. We can't afford that on such prices.

On Tuesday, the morning of the strike, March 12, while I was marking my time up, Mr. Burnett and Miss Brown walked over in the end of my section pretty close to me, and I overheard them talking. He said, "How about Miss Chambers?" And then he said, "How about So-and-So?" "That's all right." And they named nearly every one of my girls. I couldn't imagine what was going to happen unless they were going to give them a raise, because I had asked for a raise.

She walked over into my section and said, "Pick up your silk, pick up your silk." I couldn't imagine what they were going to do unless it was moving my

¹The following article is a stenographic report of a statement made by Miss Margaret Bowen, one of the textile workers in Elizabethton, Tenn., at the eleventh convention of the National Women's Trade Union League in Washington, D. C., a few days ago. Since she made her statement, 300 of her fellow strikers have been arrested for intimidating strike-breakers.

Contributions for the aid of this group of strikers may be sent care of The New Republic and will be forwarded promptly.

section, because I had asked that my section be moved into another part of the house. They picked my girls up and their silk and moved them over into one end of the house and left me standing there. I says, "What does this mean, Miss Brown? Have you took my section away from me?" It wasn't five minutes after she moved my girls, until one of my girls sent me word that the reinspection girls were raised to \$11.20 and their section girls to \$12.32, and there I stood on \$10.64. Of course, that made me mad, and it made them mad too. The girls that she sent over to me said, "Let's get up, Margaret, and walk out." I said, "No." My reinspection girls sent word to me, "Walk out, Margaret, and we are behind you and we will drag the inspection out with you." Well, two sections against fourteen wouldn't amount to anything, but I said, "If enough will walk out I'll walk out."

The assistant general forelady insisted that we walk out a week before, and she continued to agitate that we would walk out and she would go out with us. So eight sections in the house sent word that they were ready to walk out. "Well," I said, "if eight will walk out with my section, that will make nine, and that will leave only five." So they planned on walking out at one o'clock on Tuesday, March 12. The girls—I couldn't get any work out of them. There was only ten pounds of silk weighed in my section that morning. I was mad and I cried, of course, woman-like. We have our lunch period at 11:30, and at 11:30 we were going to decide what we were going to do and ask for it.

This section girl that they gave my section to refused to walk out. She said she was satisfied, and was getting \$12.32 a week. So the girls said, "All right, Bessie Mae, you can stay in, but you will come out in the end." During the lunch hour the general forelady got wind of it, as we say, of the strike. This girl told her we were planning on striking at one o'clock, because the whole house was going out. Well, the general forelady ran and got the superintendent, Mr. Gill, the superintendent of Glanzstoff, and he gathered the section girls in one little huddle and told us section girls, "I will give you section girls twenty cents an hour if you will stop the strike." He didn't say anything about the operators at all. I was mad, and I didn't say anything to my girls about it. It was 12:20 when he was talking to me, and I went over in my section and sat down and started crying, and one of the girls said, "What the devil did he say to you?" I didn't say anything, I went to the washroom—they were watching me all morning and they thought I was the ringleader. I went to the washroom and the reeling department came out for lunch. I heard somebody scream, "The section room's on strike," and I just tore the door down to get out and I met the entire bunch, 550. Out of 550, only 17 stayed in. This assistant general forelady stayed in. Going out, I was among the last to go, because I had to wait until the crowd passed, to get to my locker and get my coat and pocket book.

We got outside, and I was on the committee to talk with the officials. We sent word back into the plant that we were ready now to talk, and the chief of police that we have at the plant carried the message into the plant, and he insisted that they better come out and do something with us, because you take 550 girls, they are pretty rough sometimes. So they refused all afternoon and stayed there until 6:30 that night.

The report got out that they were going to turn the fire hose on us, but they didn't do it. We stayed there all afternoon until 6:30 that night. The three o'clock shift that went on that afternoon told us, "Girls, if they don't make a settlement we are with you in the morning." They went on to work. Next morning we got down to the plant before six o'clock to keep anybody else from going in. These scabs—what we call scabs—walked in—seventeen inspectors. Of course, we couldn't go in and take them out bodily, but we got them after all.

The reelers and lacers, they are girls who work in a different department, they left word on the outside that morning, if they didn't do something by nine o'clock "we are with you." The men left word, "If they don't do something by twelve o'clock the whole thing shuts down." We didn't care then whether they made a settlement or not. We sent word in for them to talk to us and they refused. It was a rainy day, so we stood around. The men uptown that didn't work at the plant joined us. The three o'clock shift and the spinners joined us.

I left the plant about eleven o'clock and went to the Tabernacle and joined the Union. We didn't know anything then about organized labor. We went to the Tabernacle. Mr. John Penix, organizer, was then out in the field grubbing stumps. He was sent for and we started organizing them. We did not go back to the plant at all after that day. Bemberg on Monday came out in sympathy with us, they didn't come out for higher wages. They came out about a year ago and they got their raise, and we didn't. We started organizing, and every little thing they would do against us just helped us, because it brought us more members. And we have 4,653 members now, out of 5,500.

An agreement was reached March 22. There was supposed to be no discrimination at all among the workers. I didn't go back for them to fire me, but there were many that did. In less than two weeks, there were 390 discriminations. At one time, Monday morning of this last strike, there were ninety men fired at one time, and that caused a walk-out. They fired one girl for fainting in the inspection room after returning to work. They fired another for powdering her nose, and there are numbers and numbers of others I could name fired for things that don't amount to anything.

Some of the girls got their raises and some did not. That also made them mad. One girl, after she got her first check after this first strike she was short, and another girl got a raise and the first one says, "Well, it made me so mad I just came right

on up and 'jined' the Union." She told that in a business meeting on Wednesday. The Union is so big we have to meet in sections.

Of course, you all have heard of the injunctions filed against us. I had eight filed against me. I didn't do a thing, either—nothing, only get all the union members I could get hold of. I worked night and day ever since the first strike, for two months, and if it lasts I am still ready and willing to work. I don't care how long it lasts, just so we get our rights.

The troops are now parading the streets of Elizabethton. Machine guns are parked on top of the mills in case the unionists try to keep the people from going back to work, so they can mow them down, in other words. I am afraid if they try to do a thing like that they are going to be left.

We are in great need of relief. The people, of course, as you know, haven't had anything, they haven't been able to make enough to save, and in a few days they will be in great need of relief. Of course, they don't need any clothes—the main thing is something to eat.

There are children as young as ten years of age working in the mills. They also get the same that older and efficient girls are making—\$8.96 to \$10.80 a week.

At the time we walked out, I didn't know anything about the labor movement at all. It was so impressed on us at the plant that we were nothing in the world but slaves that we were really willing to join anything to beat what we were doing there.

Mr. Rhea, the president of the Loyal Bemberg Workers, began to send out slips to get us to join the Loyal Bemberg Workers. In this slip it says, "I am anxious to return to work under the old conditions." He didn't get very far with that, because it was sent to all the union members. Then he took an armful of these envelopes and went to various little towns around Elizabethton on a bus and mailed them back to his own self, and fooled his own self.

MARGARET BOWEN.

Epitaph for a Maiden

This girl was not to go
Until two shoulders cast
Shadow upon her snow,
And melted it at last.

The warmth she had within
Still waited to be found.
The coverlet is thin—
Be curious, cold ground.

Exploring with your frost,
Go only down down as deep
As linen; then be lost
In thaw, and a long sleep.

MARK VAN DOREN.

Pseudo-Relievers

HOMER GRAVES, the sterling young farmer from out west of town, sailed down Main Street through a driving rain and anchored his steaming Ford in front of Elmer Durkin's place. Homer found the newsdealer in a bright and cheery mood. It had been raining for three days, but there was sunshine in Elmer's soul.

"Well, old hick," he cried, "how are they breaking? Feel any relief yet?"

The genial newsman gave his rural guest a five-cent cigar which, he held, was a bigger dividend than the current administration would ever pay. It is now eight years, Elmer said, since the G. O. P. started honking the horn of plenty, and all the farmer has ever got is out of the way.

"Give Hoover time," said loyal Homer. "It's early yet."

"I can see where you're not jerry to all the current events. Let me shoot you a talker newsy about the big calamity."

Elmer tried his best to look sunk in melancholy.

"The features were clicking so sweet, too, when it happened. Hoover was beginning to look like a buy. Maybe the cabinet was not so forte, but it got a good press. Herbert had slipped fat parts to the grumpiest of the talent. Hell an' Maria Dawes drew transportation to London. V. P. Curtis was pulling a sister duo with the big chief and Jim Watson was plugging Hoover as the man who ached for agriculture. The Democrats were taking theirs meek and horizontal and there wasn't a kick in a barrel of them. Kid Heflin, the boy warbler, was clowning it with his Pope blah and mopping up in the three-a-day. Uncle Andrew got his aluminum finish scoured up and was all set for an encore. Harry Sinclair was getting free chow off a tin plate and Cal Coolidge was wowing them in the pop magazines and crashing the insurance racket. The press gang was giving the First Engineer a strong play for his snappy routine and all was peace and harmony in the Republican love nest.

"If Herby hadn't been panicked into promising a special session, everything might have been jake. You know, this show was carded as a twin bill. The boys were cued to spring some quick, peppy farm relief, a short, painless tariff act and no debenture stories. The next noise that came over the radio was Bill Borah exploding all over the scenery and the Senate farm blockers and Democrats socking the Great White Father with the debenture plan. The grand old petting party was knocked for a flock of gools.

"It's the old, sad story, Homer. When the tariff comes in at the door, love flies out of the window. The Hawley bill did not zowie them in the family time at all. All the corn belters could see there was eight new ways to get into debt."

"I can't say it will relieve me any to pay more for sugar come preserving time," Mr. Graves admitted.

"You ain't heard nuthin' yet, Homer. The racketeers are fixing to boost the ante on cotton goods, cement, brick, shingles, shoes, window glass and wherever it hurts you the worst. They are playing the old system, claim everything but settle for less.

"You get the scenario of this ham drama. The Senate passes a sour farm bill and by and by the House frames a terrible tariff. Then the wise mugs dicker and back-scratch and trade sins all through the hot spell, and when it comes to the pay-off the dirt farmer will find himself eating at the third table with Mr. Gann.

"If the chief doesn't do some niftier hoofing than he has done up to date he'll wake up with an awful mess of iniquity on his hands. This is what slips me a little giggle. They've been ballyhooing the Hoover era as a new deal and a new deck. Engineering has taken the place of racketeering, the politician is crowded out of the picture and off of the frame. Law is to be enforced almost any day now and poverty abolished a week from Thursday. Now here it is only ten weeks since the dawn of a brighter day, and what do they unveil on us but the old army game?

"You ought to change your dump into a chow works, Homer, and make a noise like an infant industry. Then you'd have the G. O. P. for your sugar daddy and horn in on the important cush. Now the best you'll get is protection from the pauper cauliflower of Czecho-Slovakia."

"The debenture stuff may be wrong as the President says," Homer observed, "but I still don't see why a farmer hasn't got as much right to get help from the government as a manufacturer has."

"Why, you old pseudo-Republican, you! It would never do to let a hick poke his horny fin into the cash register. The hand"—Elmer here succumbed to an attack of epigram—"the hand that tills the soil would soil the till."

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

SO VIOLENT were the emotional disturbances created by the debenture plan, which the Democratic-insurgent coalition has driven into the administration farm-relief bill, and by the success of the Grundy lobby of greedy manufacturers in overpowering the Ways and Means Committee, thus advancing all along the line in the matter of tariff revision—to such an extent was interest concentrated upon these things that it seems to me hardly enough attention is given a number of other interesting and important incidents that have been happening in and around here. One I have in mind is the earnest advocacy, by the Hoover Secretary of War, Mr. Good, of a bill to conscript industry as well as men, in time of war, and the prompt "follow up" of Mr. Good's statement by an informal declaration from the austere and unemotional Stimson, the Hoover Secretary of State, in favor of universal military training in time of peace.

It is all very well for Mr. Good to explain that this attitude of his is merely in conformance with routine War Department policy and that the bill introduced with his support is not original with him or new to Congress. None the less, it is extraordinary that at this time, with Congress exclusively engaged upon domestic issues, and thoughts of strife exceedingly remote from both the political and public mind, this idea for the conscription of industry along with man-power should be stressed during a special session of Congress, and the bill presented now. It gives rise to a number of interesting speculations. For one thing, it seems completely out of tune with Ambassador Gibson's recent elucidation at Geneva of the administration's ardent desire for reduction in naval armament, and the general administration policy of promoting peace. There is, of course, the argument that our efforts to promote universal peace will be more effective if we are prepared to fight; none the less, it seems a singular proposal to make during an extra session of Congress called for the exclusive purpose of farm relief and tariff revision. It is perhaps not sufficient to justify an accusation of administration inconsistency, but it is certainly a shift in emphasis, and gives critics of the Hoover regime their opportunity to ask which side of the administration program is to be taken seriously, the pacts for peace or the preparations for war?

Of course, what gives the real significance to the sonorous words of Mr. Good about having always been in favor of "conscripting the dollar as well as the man" is the conceded fact that he would not have made that statement, or advocated the War Department bill, except under the direction of Mr. Herbert Hoover, who runs his Cabinet exactly as he would run a Ford car—and with as little trouble. He was just as completely the inspiration of Jimmie Good's advocacy of industrial conscription in time of war, as he was of Hugh Gibson's Geneva gesture for a reduction, rather than a limitation, of naval strength. They both spoke for him. What was his purpose in balancing Mr. Gibson with Mr. Good has not been publicly disclosed, but it probably is very deep, indeed—nearly all the Herbert purposes are.

While we are on the subject of Mr. Good, I cannot help referring again to the surprising fact that so little of the politics of the administration seems to sift through the Secretary of War, which only goes to show that the "ambassadors of the people," otherwise the "newspaper boys" or the "corps of correspondents" do occasionally shoot pretty wide of the mark. When the Good appointment was announced, practically every Washington despatch attributed it to the necessity Mr. Hoover felt of having one member of his Cabinet thoroughly versed in party politics and with a real knowledge of party people. Mr. Good had been his pre-convention campaign manager. After the convention he was in charge of western headquarters and really had more responsibility than the good Dr. Work himself. In addition, Mr. Good had been largely instrumental in organizing the Republican members of Congress in the Hoover behalf during the early spring of 1928. His presence in the Cabinet, it was declared, was for political purposes. He was to be the "liaison officer" between Congress and the White House. Well, as things have

turned out, he is nothing of the sort. He has as little to do with politics and patronage as Attorney-General Mitchell or Secretary of State Stimson, which means, nothing at all. The broader aspects of White House politics—that is, such things as the administration policy toward pending legislation, are determined primarily and exclusively, so far as I am able to gather, by a gentleman named Hoover, who was elected President not long ago by a very large majority, and seems to want to make these decisions unaided and without consultation.

As to the smaller politics—that is, the patronage end—I think I have previously pointed out in this place that an unofficial committee of three, composed of Mr. Walter Newton, the private secretary snatched from his seat in the House, Mr. Walter Brown, the urbane and suave Postmaster-General from Ohio, and Mr. James F. Burke, whose Pittsburgh politics are of the most practical possible brand, are pretty well recognized as the political end of the White House *entourage*. Politically speaking, Mr. Good is well on the outside, which to a very considerable extent likewise puts on the outside his former law-partner, the Hon. C. Bascom Slemp. Slemp, I am given to understand, does not particularly enjoy the position. Not even a recent dinner invitation from the White House compensates him for the failure to be one of the group delegated to deal with the southern-patronage problem in working out the Hoover policy of making Republicanism respectable in the South. Instead of being one of those to do the dealing, Mr. Slemp is merely one of those dealt with, a very different and not nearly so satisfactory thing. Incidentally, the rumor runs around Washington that Mr. Slemp is preparing to run for the Senate next year against Senator Glass. I am in no position to vouch for the truth of this report. All I can say is that the Virginia Democrats to whom I have mentioned it appear to see something highly humorous about the idea. Speaking for myself, I do not think it funny at all.

I recall that Mr. Slemp managed to get himself well advertised in every newspaper in the country as a possible member of the Cabinet last February, through the simple expedient of having a delegation of his friends visit Mr. Hoover at his S Street home and speak feelingly of his qualifications, the purpose of their visit being kept a profound secret from everybody except a score or so of the more active members of the "corps of correspondents," who were thoughtfully told in advance that the delegation was on its way, and informed later that it had been cordially received. That little incident went off very well, and there were not more than two or three ironical comments upon the Slemp cabinet candidacy. The great bulk of the correspondents took it—as they take nearly everything else—with the utmost seriousness. Now, if Mr. Slemp has in mind a repetition of this sort of thing in connection with the Virginia senatorship, what is there, I ask, humorous about it? With no expense or risk and a minimum of effort he will derive a lot of very favorable publicity, extremely helpful to a politician of his practicality whose national standing is none too secure. I do not regard the report of the Slemp senatorial candidacy as funny. On the contrary, I think it is smart.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Ted Cook

FOR several years, Ted Cook has been running a column of humor in the Hearst papers. Starting, as Milt Gross did in *The Sunday World*, in an obscure position where you had to look for his work, he pushed his way into prominence, until now (in *The New York American*, at least) he has a double column next to O. O. McIntyre's "New York Day by Day" which is said to be the most widely syndicated, as it is certainly one of the most readable, of reports on the general run of things in New York. (Walter Winchell's weekly report is *hors concours*.)

Cook's column is called "Cook-Coons" and consists of some fairly permanent features, one or two of which appear daily, with whatever novelties occur to his strange and attractive mind. A few weeks ago he took a series of old English woodcuts of a rake's progress and ran them as illustrations to an entirely mad continued story of his own; when the baffle books, in which the solution to the mysteries are not printed with the text, appeared, he ran a series of his own, in one of which occurred an immortal fragment of conversation: "'You baffle me,' said the Commissioner, 'and I'll baffle you'" (a competent summary of the later Philo Vance manner). He clips from provincial papers, with light comment of his own, and as a parallel runs his Bull-etins adorned with a drawing of a snorting bull, and containing words of wisdom from the exalted and the lowly alike. These excerpts give a clue to one side of his mind, for what a man finds silly and pretentious and hypocritical can be used as a rough measure of his intelligence. Here are some of Cook's Bull-etins:

"Disgusted with poor food in restaurants, Mr. Childs entered the restaurant business, urged on by a passion to provide pure food at low prices. J. L. Kraft, who built the largest cheese business in the world, had a similar passion, to provide the world with cleaner, better cheese."—*Sales Management Magazine*.

"Be happy. Money isn't much. I'm poorer now than I was ten years ago. Enter into your work good-naturedly. If you fail, laugh."—Charles M. Schwab.

"The great majority of students now are more interested in their studies than in parties and dances."—Miss Mary Ross Potter, Northwestern University.

Or he quotes a judge who objects to pugilism because it develops pugnacity and adds, "he hasn't been attending fights lately." (F. P. A. has a parallel passage, in subject and in manner, in his "Column Book": "As to the large attention newspapers pay to sport, few of them do. Most of the papers we see have 'sporting' pages top-heavy with boxing, racing, and baseball news and comment.")

Or he publishes a series of "Milestones on the Path to Civilization," such as, "High school authorities in Bridgeport, Conn., have decided to make cooking lessons compulsory for boys" and other bits which might find their way into the Mercury's Americana department.

All these, from the intellectual and critical side, are the least characteristic of Cook's endeavors, but they are worth noting because they show a fairly disabused mind, mocking at everything with extraordinary good humor and excep-

tional effectiveness, and doing it, apparently, with the consent of the millions who read him. It is interesting to remember that irony about America is not limited to the intellectuals and that those who are fairly cheerful about American life are able to take pot-shots at it without making a religion of sniping. And there is a further point: Cook is a westerner; from internal evidence I judge that he writes his stuff in California, and I believe that before he made his present success he tried once in New York and failed. He isn't exactly breezy, but he isn't concerned with subtleties, as Adams often is; his common coin of jokes (about plumbing, mothers-in-law, and the joys of celibate life) pass more frequently than do those of the Chicago and New York humorists. One is shocked to find Adams reprinting, in the "Column Book," a joke about Russian names sounding like sneezes; the joke would be no better, but it would come more naturally, in Cook's column. Being out of the metropolitan centers, Cook is little concerned with personalities, runs no feuds, and ranges widely. (It is, I suppose, only a matter of time before Los Angeles becomes the great metropolis, and then Emporia will remain the sole center of a self-respecting provincialism.)

The portions of Cook's columns which are most entertaining are those in which he goes slightly mad. Congressman Frisby combines lunacy with a sort of mockery at the pretentiousness of public men. He has, for instance, "announced a gift to the Smithsonian Institute that will perpetuate his memory for some time if kept in an ordinary fruit jar. The gift consists of a pair of the Congressman's tonsils, said to resemble those of Napoleon." He denies that he has accompanied Hoover to Latin America: "While I speak Latin fluently, and would have been a great help to Mr. Hoover, I felt that it was better for one of us to remain at home in this crisis," and after being injured himself while trying to break a chair over his son's head, he has founded "National Be-a-Pal-to-Your-Boy-Week." The Doakes family are similar, but vary in their activities: Treadwater Doakes of Little Rock, Ark., "did so much to pass the new state law against evolution. He will now devote his energies to repealing the law of Supply and Demand," and Dromedary Doakes is notable for being the only title writer in Hollywood who hasn't used the gag, "She was never late, because she had clocks in her stockings." Oronoco Doakes, a manufacturer of picks and shovels, endorses Herbert Hoover's plan to avert hard times by having the unemployed go to work with picks and shovels. In the collateral branch of the family occurs "Miss So-and-So, local service worker, who is devoting half of her time to the needless poor." They are a rare group of people.

Another group, temporarily out of the papers, is that which enjoyed telling about its embarrassing moments. (They may be out because the same papers run George Herriman's drawings under the same title; Herriman's fantasy is an odd counterpart to Cook's.) These "Moments" used to be addressed to the Emb. Mom. Editor, Embar. Mom. Dept., in the Embarrassing Moments Building and were usually quite elaborate; many of them were, no doubt, contributed to the column, but were perfectly in Cook's tone:

I am a great hand to talk while eating and I often

make gestures with my knife to emphasize some point in my conversation. Imagine my embarrassment when I found out that I had cut my mother-in-law's throat.

Among other services to the public, Aunt Bella discusses the latest fashions, gives advice on polite manners, and answers riddles; someone else has bird-call classes; and the conductor of the column himself is anxious to give opportunities for advancement to industrious men and women. For instance, he advertises, "We Need 500 Spare Time Live Wire Contact Men" with a large picture of a complicated stove which seems to have got mixed with a peanut roaster, and then gives particulars:

Do you need extra money?

Here is a wonderful opportunity.

Our salesmen make as high as \$4,390 a day selling these handy gas savers.

Here's proof. Read what others have to say—

"There is a golden key that opens the palace of eternity."—Milton.

"Tacitum vivit sub vulnus."—Vergil.

"The foundation of all our pain is unbelief."—Amiel.

Now, men, why struggle along on four or five hundred dollars a week?

Fill out the coupon below and mail immediately—
(If you live in Missouri, deduct 2 percent of the first one-fourth.)

The pictures are all absurd and the old fashion plates, presented with descriptive text, are charming. Under the heading "C'est la Mode" we find "a smart little motoring outfit," an exclusive feature of which is a "convenient license-certificate holder which may be held in the right hand or tossed aside like yesterday's rose."

Cook's column is a potpourri, and picking the best bits will not give the real flavor. For that one has to read it steadily a few weeks, to become acquainted with a fresh and individual humorist who seems to have none of the habits, interests, and mannerisms of his contemporaries, and shares with the best of them an attractively oblique mind.

GILBERT SELDES.

Love, Like Material Water

Love, like material water, will not flow
Without declivity, nor fill the crock
That has no emptiness. Out of the rock
It comes unprophesied. Out of the snow—
The genius that makes tolerable all change—
Forever changing back into its rain
It comes unhelped by either heart or brain,
Simple, inexplicable, definite, strange.
Rock that no staff need strike, snowdrift that burns
To water by its fire, you need not choose
This vessel I, this crater of dry wall.
Love, by its law, escaping shape, returns
To needed shape whose wanted level trues
That quantity which differing height makes fall.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

The Intellectuals and the Church

SIR: I really have no wish to prolong any controversy between Mr. Wilson and myself on the intellectuals and the Church, but I think one or two statements in the last part of his interesting letter call inescapably for comment. When Mr. Wilson demands just who are the great modern Catholics in the field of writing and thinking, I must cheerfully concede that I can't think of any. Cardinal Newman in the last century had, to say the least, a subtle mentality, and the mentalities of Henri Massis and Jacques Maritain have been admired, I imagine, justly. I admit, however, that it is impossible to base one's argument upon one or two random names, though I doubt very much whether the popular School of Tired Atheism has anything better to show. Personally I have never conceived of Catholicism either as an intellectual or a social panacea, though no doubt a respectable case might be built on the proposition that it could be both.

Mr. Wilson's letter, as it broadens to its close, becomes a sort of hymn to the twentieth century in America. I remember, in this connection, that my friend, John Dos Passos, in reviewing my book on the Church for the New Masses, took something of the same tone. It may interest both these talented writers to know that most people in the Roman Catholic Church, in this country today, seem to agree with them. "How I love my own time," said ecstatically the Rev. Thomas Burke, late Superior General of the Paulist Fathers, just prior to installing a radio in his fine Ravenna-cum-Stanford-White basilica of the West Fifties. It is quite natural "to love one's time" right up to the moment when one's own time lets one down, and rather badly at that. The odd thing is that I had the impression that both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Dos Passos felt very differently about their own time. The first example of Mr. Wilson's prose I ever had the pleasure of reading was an article for the Nation, on New Jersey, of all places. I recommend it with respect to anyone who really wants to experience vicariously a fine, bitter, and completely devastating reaction to our own time. And Mr. Dos Passos' novel, "Manhattan Transfer," does not exactly fill one with a boyish sense of exhilaration in the twentieth century. All of which is not half so irrelevant as it may seem. How absurd it is to say that the bulk of Mr. Dos Passos' characters, imaginary to be sure, but so horribly "true to life," would not have been happier and better-off in the civilization of the thirteenth century! As a matter of plain fact, the Middle Ages were not half so rich in art and literature as Mr. Wilson seems to think, nor half so depleted in material civilization as he again imagines. Dante, Chaucer and Aquinas are all very well in their way, but they are like my mentioning Newman and Maritain above; three great names are really not enough. And I have always felt that Gothic architecture is vastly overrated, in comparison with the noble style it replaced, or the diverting style which replaced it. On the other hand, if you lacked a bathtub, you went to a public bath, as many cleanly French people still do today; it was not so convenient, perhaps, but it must have been more amusing. The Middle Ages did not have the American school system, and, speaking with some experience of the latter, I cannot agree with Mr. Wilson that its absence was anything in the nature of a disaster. And they did not have the automobile, for which God be praised. In a word, I am trying to indicate that the Middle Ages were not, to say the least, inferior in what is called civilization to our own time.

In conclusion, I should like to go one step further, and assert that they were superior. It takes a certain coolness to write of them as Mr. Wilson does when he writes: "With the ignorance, the slavery and the plagues of that day, would people really be 'spiritually' better off?" When it comes to "ignorance" you can see the latter brilliantly displayed in any tabloid-intoxicated subway car, or any smoking room, or, for that matter, any average newspaper office today. When it comes to "slavery," both Mr. Wilson and myself, unless he is a much richer man than I, are the most abject "slaves" to every monkey-faced Dogberry and

Kissebrech who chooses to meddle in our private affairs. And "plagues," forsooth! As if the Middle Ages had a monopoly on "plagues"! Again, as Mr. Wilson somewhere reminds me, it all depends on the particular meaning one attaches to certain words. If he and I both understand the same thing by the word, the American twentieth century is peculiarly rich in "plagues." Alcoholism, for example, is a plague. Prohibition, which produces it in its more revolting forms, is a plague. Homosexuality is a plague. Social injustice is a plague. So is individual injustice which so blesses him who gives and him who has to take it.

This letter is over-long, but in justice to both Mr. Wilson and myself these things ought to be said. I certainly have no intention of girding at a critic whose writing I admire. The whole difference of premise between us is that he does not believe in the Incarnation of the Son of God approximately nineteen centuries ago, and I do. If this conviction seems as unacceptable to Mr. Wilson as the idea that "diseases can be cured by charms," I can only feel sorry for myself. But I also feel sorry for him.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Kent School, Kent, Conn.

SIR: This seems to leave the controversy just about where it was, with Mr. Wright and me both feeling sorry for each other. I protest, however, that "Tired Atheism" is not the only alternative to Catholicism; many people whom Mr. Wright would call atheists are exceedingly enthusiastic and active. As for twentieth-century America, I am too well aware of our own ignorances, slaveries and plagues, using those words as Mr. Wright understands them; but I still believe that I would rather live here than in thirteenth-century Europe. I distrust idealizations of the present just as much as Mr. Wright does; but I distrust idealizations of the past still more.

I am surprised, by the way, to hear that John Dos Passos has ever expressed himself with approval on the subject of our own time—even in reaction against Mr. Wright on the subject of the Catholic Church. I have always regarded "Manhattan Transfer" as a masterly picture of the horrors of a Machine Age, with all the comforts and exhilarations left out. I remember, for example, that in one chapter of "Manhattan Transfer," the embraces of a pair of lovers are disturbed by the scratching of the phonograph needle, when the record that they have been playing has come to an inopportune end. Well, you can get a device now which turns the phonograph off automatically.

EDMUND WILSON.

New York City.

The Aims of Education

SIR: The diversity of interpretations as to "what is education?" expounded in our critical journals these days must cause some shrewd laymen to recall the old fable of the blind men and the elephant.

Like the blind men, the professors who dogmatically state "the aims of education" are partly right. But their insistence that the whole elephant of education is like the particular part which each has grasped makes their representations seem ridiculous—especially to the practical man in the street who has seen, though he has not studied, many elephants.

Professor Whitehead, in The New Republic for April 17, 1929, gives a very helpful interpretation of two parts of the elephant which he has felt over, and then generalizes extensively from these two parts. Unfortunately for the reader, two very unlike parts of the elephant are reported upon.

"The first commandment in any educational scheme [Professor Whitehead tells us] is this: do not teach too many subjects."

But later he insists: "There is only one subject-matter for education, and that is Life in all its manifestations."

But the harried modern educator finds these two purposes mutually contradictory. "Not teach many subjects?"—but Life is like that. It is a thing of many subjects.

Hence the many confusions in contemporary educational systems, since Life in all its manifestations is a composite of earning a living, rearing a family, voting as a citizen, extending your own culture, keeping up with hygiene, puzzling over whether or not there is a God. . . . There is no magic in education or elsewhere by which a "single unity" of life can be arrived at except through building stone upon stone. Indeed, Professor Whitehead, in his constructive suggestions, says: "The problem of education is to make the pupil see the wood by means of the trees." Very good—but no one person can see all the wood, nor examine the millions of trees. Will hasty scrutiny of some trees suffice? Will painstaking, tedious study of some others not be required? Life is certainly like that, but what becomes of a dogma of universal thoroughness—Professor Whitehead's second commandment?

The present commentator thinks that Professor Whitehead comes nearest to suggesting helpful and practicable procedures for present-day school and college education when he says: "Of course, education should be useful, whatever your aim in life." Useful for what? Well, useful for conserving health, which is surely one aim with all of us. Useful for making a respectable living—which is a very vital aim with most of us, certainly. Or useful for bringing us into close communion with God—which with some persons is a very significant aim indeed.

Because Life—to capitalize it as does Professor Whitehead—is a composite of values, ranging from the very spiritual to the very material (and with our philosophers still in hot disagreement as to which kind of value is really "superior"), there can be as many useful kinds of education as there are values well worth working for. Cannot some especially scientific blind man take time to go all round the elephant and tell us of his many parts?

New York City.

DAVID SNEDDEN.

Talking Movies for India

SIR: Miss Katherine Mayo, in her latest adventure in understanding and interpreting India, has protested her sincerity and even proclaimed her friendship, especially, for our unfortunate women. Without comment or criticism, taking her at her word, may I offer her a practical plan as to how she could help the unfortunates in India, since she knows India's need?

Pax Britannica and missionary endeavor are not enough. She herself has said as much. She also should realize, maybe she does, that to write books in English, to debate in English the evils existing in Hindu society, is worse than useless. All of it sounds as so much noise to the honest, hard-working villagers of India. Since they are mostly illiterate it is of no use even to write books in their own languages at present.

Though illiterate, the masses of India are not unintelligent. They may even be said not to be ignorant in many respects. Above all, they have an inexhaustible fund of common sense. They are, besides, familiar with, and appreciate, the method and value of oral instruction, which is the method of education best suited to rural India at present.

Motion pictures are now being utilized for instruction in many places, even by governments, with great success. There is at present a new era in this field, I mean that of talking pictures. I, therefore, propose that talking pictures be used in India to carry on social reform and impart all vital information through this up-to-date oral instruction method.

The campaign should be direct to be effective:

1. Talking pictures should be prepared in the language of the place where exhibited.
2. The subjects should cover the evils and needs of each locality; they should be of indigenous origin.
3. The pictures should be exhibited in every village, however remote.
4. Because of appalling poverty in India the masses should be given free exhibition. The success and effectiveness depends upon it.

Logically, the British government in India ought to undertake such a campaign, but for obvious reasons it won't. It is not, however, difficult to draft the assistance of business men and

industrialists, of princes and the rich of India by appealing to their various self-interests, even by educating them through the same medium. But this will naturally take some time. Therefore, for the first few years, say three or four, outside financial help and technical instruction are necessary. . . .

H. G. MUDGAL.

New York City.

The Two-Hour War

SIR: Mr. Stuart Chase, in his article in your issue of May 8, vividly depicts the destruction of great cities by aeroplane bombs in the next war. He concludes by saying: "Frankly, I see no possible way out." May I draw the attention of Mr. Chase and possibly of two or three other readers to "a possible way out" suggested by an obscure writer in a little book published two years ago (Ganns, "The Conquest of War," Dutton and Company, New York)?

The essence of the suggestion is that, air-force being overwhelming, irresistible, handy and cheap, it should be made the instrument of international police-power, with the express purpose of preventing, by its mere threat, such catastrophes as Mr. Chase regards as inevitable. It may perhaps be open to question whether such a threat could provide a complete guarantee; but it seems indisputable that it would greatly diminish the probabilities of the occurrence of such disasters. And that would be no slight gain.

Mr. Chase remarks: "The persons capable of imagining the holocaust in advance are so few, and of such slight influence, that the world will not realize what it now faces until it has faced it, in a *fait accompli*." I'm afraid he is right. Since the publication of the little book named above, three persons only are known to have expressed some slight interest in the proposal it makes in simple, sober and perfectly logical terms. Yet if some journal such as yours would take up this matter seriously, something might be done to avert the impending disaster, one more horrible than any yet inflicted by man or Nature.

Washington, D. C.

W. McD.

"The Devil Is a Woman"

SIR: Mr. Alpert B. Quirk's review, in The New Republic of April 17, of Alice Mary Kimball's "The Devil Is a Woman," seems too ill-natured to go without protest. Mr. Quirk suggests that Miss Kimball has manufactured her episodes of New England life to suit the New Yorker's preconceptions, and that she writes in a spirit of "(unconscious) condescension." This is not fair play. Miss Kimball is a native of Vermont; she makes a faithful transcription of aspects of Vermont life, as any poet draws upon his experience for the material of his work. I fail to see in her delightful poems any dressing-up of the dish for the metropolitan palate; nor do I find condescension, on any level of consciousness.

Has reviewing reached such a pass that the critic can hastily tack the odious labels "Mencken" and "Americana" upon a fine book of narrative verse, and consider his work done?

New York City.

HELEN AUGUR.

Satire in the Eighteenth and Twentieth Century

SIR: Since reading Karl Schriftgiesser's very excellent article, "Boston Stays Pure," a fairly pertinent question comes to mind. Is Henry Fielding's "The History of Tom Jones" sold publicly, and to minors as well as majors, in the Boston bookshops? Too, if it is sold, has any action, either judicial or censorial, been taken thereupon? . . .

Evidently that which is vulgar satire of the eighteenth century remains the same—regardless of its undeniable obscenity—for judges and jurors of the twentieth century. However, that which is real, and perhaps only too demonstrative of our own day, is filth for our cultured courts and well read jurors.

University, Va.

LOUIS E. WESTHEIMER.

Burton Rascoe

A Bookman's Daybook, by Burton Rascoe. New York: Horace Liveright. 305 pages. \$3.

THE paper jacket of this book of Burton Rascoe's depicts a slender and languid young man lying reading in the shade of a large tree, in the midst of a flowery mead, while the swallows circle overhead.

Inside the book, we find something quite different: the literary life of modern New York, where there is no leisure, no fresh air and no opportunity of lying on the grass. The Bookman inside the book presents a sharp contrast to the young man on the cover; it is Burton Rascoe, as we knew him in New York—alert, nervous, always in a hurry, always going to so many places and seeing so many people that we can hardly imagine him in relaxation or alone. Here is his description, in a foreword, of his own impressions upon re-reading the literary diary which appeared weekly in the Herald Tribune and from which this volume has been compiled.

"I was struck particularly," he writes,

with the sanguine enthusiasm of this Burton Rascoe of five or six years ago and with his rather breath-taking anxiety to get glimpses of his contemporaries, records of what they were talking about, ideas they were expressing and impressions of his own down on paper, for all the world as though he imagined that a cataclysm might destroy that world he lived in at any moment and that he was making light the labors of some future archeologists and historians. This impression I have of him as taking his mission seriously permits me to understand the fellow's audacity.

Rascoe did take his mission seriously—he did make a desperate effort to get the literary life of New York down on paper, and, as this book proves, he succeeded. The book really makes a better impression than the diary did, as it originally appeared; because Mr. Grattan, in editing his material, has been able to throw out all the padding, all the long conversations and ruminations which Burton Rascoe used sometimes to reel out, when hard-pressed to fill his space and overstimulated with coffee, late at night in the Herald Tribune office. Here we find a great many things which posterity may well be glad to read about: the conversation of Mencken and Nathan and their methods of amusing themselves; the arrival of Conrad in New York; the controversies over "Ulysses" and "The Waste Land," which divided families and split up dinner tables; an example of Cummings's top-speed monologues, so difficult to catch and reproduce, so incredible to people who have never heard them and, in their way, as remarkable as his poetry.

It is true that we also find a good many other matters of much less intrinsic dignity or interest—glimpses, for example, of the writer of this review, now performing conjuring tricks, now talking about Whitehead through his hat. But all these things serve Rascoe's purpose—all contribute to establishing an atmosphere. I will not assert that this atmosphere is a rarefied one. The New York literary life, as we recognize it in Rascoe, remains undisguisably a babel of tongues, a round of disorderly parties, an exchange of malicious gossip and half-baked opinions. But it has its qualities of rapidity and variety, of avidity and exhilaration. It was amusing, if nothing else; and Rascoe was just the man to write about it.

Rascoe appears in "A Bookman's Daybook" as a young man just arrived from the West. In Chicago, he has

performed the astonishing feat of making literature exciting to the readers of a great western paper. True, the spirit of the time has been behind him; he has had, as friends and allies in Chicago, such writers as Carl Sandburg, Ben Hecht and Sherwood Anderson. But he has been assisting at what has seemed a distance at the awakening of the new American literary generation. At that distance, he has been obliged to develop senses preternaturally keen for perceiving signs of intellectual activity—and he has become almost telepathically aware—at a time when comparatively few people were aware of them—of Mencken in Baltimore, of Hergesheimer in Philadelphia, of Cabell in Richmond, of Conrad Aiken in Boston, of almost everybody, in fact, everywhere. Perhaps no other American critic at that time, with the exception of Mencken himself, had so prompt and comprehensive an intelligence of what was being written in the United States.

But in Chicago, Burton Rascoe is still assisting, as I say, at a distance from what appears to be the chief scene of activities—New York. And he decides to leave Chicago and come East. He arrives full of excitement and expectation; eagerly he gets to know everybody who is writing, as he already knows everything they have written. He rushes about from one group to another. He attends all the literary teas, the publishers' luncheons, the theatrical openings, the miscellaneous drinking-parties. And he brings to it all his shrewdness, his audacity, his humor, his extraordinary memory and his undiscourageable enthusiasm for literature. As we read this record, we are made to feel that there is something really important in the air, that the work of all these people is interesting, that their opinions deserve attention. They are not the characters of the ordinary columnist, who make an appeal to our attention and sympathy merely on the basis of being friends of the columnist. The names which appear in Burton Rascoe's diary are invariably presented as distinguished names, and distinguished by reason of their connection with scholarship, art or thought. Burton Rascoe has had in Chicago a vision of the great world of literature, and he seems to suppose that, in coming to New York, he has reached the very heart of that world.

Yet it is perhaps not altogether Burton Rascoe's own enthusiasm which makes the literary New York of five years ago, as we read about it in this diary, seem more exciting than the literary New York of today. At that time, one did still have the feeling that all sorts of extraordinary things were going on—that great books were being written, that decisive battles were being fought. And the New York journalists who were young in those days still find themselves bound as by a common sentiment of having been allies in some sort of movement. One has no consciousness of any movement today. Excellent books, to be sure, are being produced, but, for the most part, the people who write them and the people who write about them do not see very much of each other. There are no particular ideas in the air, and no discoveries rising to the horizon. The literary life of teas, dinners and parties which seems, when we look back upon it now, as we read about it in Rascoe, to have been really quite a lot of fun, has become dominated by Book-of-the-Month Clubs and Literary Guilds, and organized and exploited by publishers. No sane person of adult years would go today to a literary luncheon, unless he had to make a living by reporting such matters for a department of literary gossip. And the first-rate novelists, dramatists and poets mostly avoid New York like the plague.

For it is the city itself which has made impossible any close and profitable exchange of ideas between literary

people. New York is too expensive for most writers, and when they do live here, the distances are too great for them to be able to see each other easily. And the spirit of artistic and intellectual adventure has, as I say, been largely deadened by the Literary Guilds and Book-of-the-Month Clubs, which, however excellent the individual tastes of the various members may be, inevitably tend to illustrate the same principle that is always being brought forward as an explanation of the mediocrity of the movies, and which, therefore, tend to impose on New York a compromise between their own personal tastes and the tastes of their vast public of the provinces. New York had no place for Burton Rascoe in his original role of popular literary journalist who at the same time took literature seriously. The Herald Tribune book supplement today is a most interesting and attractive review—it is better edited than when Burton Rascoe ran it. But it no longer contains any regular feature as remarkable as Rascoe. What one misses is an original personality surveying the current literary events from an independent point of view—and one is forced to the conclusion that, in the literary field, there is no room on a large New York newspaper for original personalities and independent points of view. Rascoe himself has practically given up journalism. He has become precisely one of the directors of one of the big book-distributing companies. And outside of this, he plays the stock market, to which he now devotes that extraordinary faculty for divining what is likely to become valuable which he formerly displayed in the field of literature.

And like most literary people today who still hope to accomplish something, Rascoe no longer even lives in New York. Though he has given up literary journalism, he has not given up literature; he has, he intimates, in his foreword, turned to writing novels. And it is reassuring to learn that the irreverent wit, the sure hand at prose and the swift intelligence of the "Bookman's Day Book," though they have vanished from the journalistic field, are still being exercised elsewhere. After all, we reflect, there is perhaps more appropriateness in the design for the jacket of Rascoe's book than we had remembered on first opening it. After all, Rascoe is not a product of New York—he is not even a product of Chicago. He is not a native of a great American city at all. He is a Kentuckian who spent most of his boyhood in the Oklahoma countryside. And all that is soundest which he has brought to the literary life of the great cities has been the fruit of solitude and leisure—all that is boldest and most independent has come from a provincial country life perhaps fifty years behind the times, as one thinks of the times in New York. What Rascoe brought with him from the South and Southwest is indestructible and invaluable. The surest proof of the value of what he offered us when he first came on from the West—for all his many inaccuracies, his many mistakes of judgment, his many faults of taste (some of them perpetuated in this book)—has been the difficulty he has had in making it survive in New York. He offered us a dramatization of the world of art and ideas; and though that play, at the time it was running, attracted a certain amount of attention, it has been allowed to go off the boards. I have heard Burton Rascoe accused of cheapening the material with which he dealt. But, as I reread the "Bookman's Day Book," I feel strongly that it has been we who let him down, and not he us. At any rate, he has now chosen the course of confining his activities in the city to the stock market and going to the country to work at literature—and who will not confess that his policy is a wise one, and wish him success at both?

EDMUND WILSON.

Mistaken Beauty

Swords and Roses, by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 327 pages. \$3.50.

MR. HERGESHEIMER'S collection of ten sketches of the Old South is one of the few emotionally sympathetic recreations of that vanished society ever undertaken by a northern man. The book is carefully documented; with the eye of the skilled writer of fiction, Mr. Hergesheimer has woven a spacious pattern of minute, significant detail; it is likely that no southern writer of the past generation could have mustered up the heart for this labor, and few of the present are sufficiently interested. Mr. Hergesheimer is therefore to be congratulated for a superior performance of a task that might otherwise have gone undone.

However, "Swords and Roses" is by no means a sober historical work, nor is its interest precisely that of history; every fact presented by the author is easily accessible elsewhere, and is well known not only to historians, but to many amateur readers as well. Nor is Mr. Hergesheimer's interpretation original—I mean, of the whole character of the Old South; though in some details, as in the case of General Beauregard, he beards the entrenched verdict of history, and Beauregard turns out to be the victim of executive spleen. The author obviously cannot resist the romantic flavor of the Creole general's personality, nor of that of Nathan Bedford Forrest; here Forrest suffers under his apotheosis, for a popular version of his daring career falsifies its true character; Forrest was deliberate, cunning, a master of war, and the only picaresque stage he was ever on is the construction of romantic authors. But the documentation of the book is richly adequate to the purpose, which is that of atmosphere and the illusion of daily reality, and we need not quarrel with such a minor slip as the statement that Grant, when the Battle of Shiloh began, was at Pittsburg Landing, or that Forrest, at Donelson, led an attack against Pillow. This book is an impressionistic appreciation of the Old South, its domestic customs, hopes, beliefs; and it takes no account of the recent economic interpretation of the Civil War; this is a mistake; but it is perhaps not so great a mistake as the economic interpretation used alone.

More important than any single error of fact, the picture of the South as a whole, and particularly of the lower or "deep South," as Mr. Hergesheimer happily renames it, is a little misleading, and throws the intellectual background of the times out of focus. While Mr. Hergesheimer sees that there was a great difference between the Upper and the Lower South, he misses the underlying causes of that difference. He asserts that because of the isolation of the plantations and farms in the Lower South, and the lack of cities, there was no national feeling, and that this made secession easy. It is truer to say that without the national feeling of the Lower South, the secession movement would never have reached the climax. Local tradition was still weak in Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana away from New Orleans; the population was mixed, it was made up of immigrants not only from the Upper South and South Carolina, but from every northern state as well; none of the great leaders of ante-bellum Mississippi had been born in that state—Thompson, Prentiss, Foote, Walker, Quitman, Davis. Davis was a Kentuckian educated in Kentucky; his longest period of continuous residence in Mississippi until after the war was eight years. Mrs. Jefferson Davis was a typical woman of her place and time; her maternal grandfather had been a pioneer

soldier under Andrew Jackson, her father had been born in New Jersey. (Mr. Hergesheimer, piously as it were, overlooks this.)

Nationalism in the Lower South was southern nationalism, and the position of the Lower South in relation to South Carolina was similar to that of the Middle West in relation to Connecticut or Massachusetts. South Carolina, before secession, was assured of the support of the southern Nationalists, which she was glad to use for her own purposes of self-sufficiency. The Massachusetts state government, as late as 1846, agitated for secession; Massachusetts was self-sufficient, too; but the Middle West could not afford to be left alone. In the Upper South there was genuine local feeling; Virginian nationalism was temporary, confined to the period of her domination in Washington; when that ceased, she lapsed into a single, sovereign state; and Lee's choice at the outbreak of the war was thus inevitable. To the end he fought for Virginia. There was little southern nationalism there until the Civil War began.

This issue is by no means all of Mr. Hergesheimer's book, and his mere failure to understand it does not make less interesting his engaging portrait of the lower southern character which, with its fierce simplicity of thought and integrity of purpose, was becoming distinct from character in any other part of the country, including Virginia and Kentucky. The real point at issue is that any attempt to understand the Old South outside the terms of exact thinking, any attempt to recreate it with crinoline, Negro villages, galleries, cherry bounce, and the code duello, is bound to come to grief in the making of a peculiarly silly myth. Mr. Hergesheimer's nine characters—Yancey, Mrs. Davis, Beauregard, A. S. Johnston, Captain Maffitt, Forrest, Belle Boyd the spy, "Jeb" Stuart, and Private John Worsham—all these people, dashing as they seem to be, and seriously as Mr. Hergesheimer takes them, come from his pen wrapped in a kind of nonsensical futility, heavily laden with the Black Narcissus perfume of a conscious literary style. That is all there is to them. The style is appropriate because, Mr. Hergesheimer might say, theirs was the cause of beauty! They were fighting for beauty! But hear Mr. Hergesheimer:

The improvement [of the New South] is actual; there are roads everywhere and railroads, schools back of the mountains and hospitals; poverty and ignorance and disease are diminished. . . . But if there has been a great gain there was a loss. *A loss of beauty.* (Italics mine.)

A curtain of smoke and fire was lowered upon the mistakes, and *on the beauty*, of the past. (Italics mine.)

It was mistaken beauty. Although the South has accepted it, the myth of mistaken beauty has been generally the creation of a compensating northern romanticism, and it is silly because it dismisses, with the one word mistaken, the serious social and political beliefs of the South. Since beauty is a useless luxury, you can sigh over it and then confess that it is not made for this world. The political ambitions of the Old South no longer challenge the forces that overcame them, and the surface effects of southern life may be discreetly appreciated. It is possible to see the beginnings of this transformation of the Old South, into a safe Poictesme for the North, in the friendship that sprang up between L. Q. C. Lamar and Henry Adams. Adams at last found a Southerner who was intelligent; Lamar had come to believe that the South was wrong.

There was a hard, definite historical conflict politically

and socially laid to rest by the Civil War; its moral issue remains unsolved. The socially vacuous efforts of the American Humanists, and the futile, bewildered social reformers in the East of thirty years ago, of whom Mr. John Jay Chapman has written so acutely, and so blindly because he is blind to the historical reasons for their futility, testify that a certain integrity, northern no less than southern, passed from American life with the close of the Civil War. The Humanists cannot see, under their historical noses, the only classical and humanistic society that America has ever had; they talk of Greece and Rome, and ask the modern American student to read the classics—the student whose ignorance of Greek is due to the very influences that destroyed the ante-bellum classicism of the South; you cannot bring Greek in by the heels; it must grow up with the country, as it did in the South; it is not mistletoe, it is a branch of the tree. The bewildered impulse of the last-generation reformers emerges again in the call for an "American consciousness"—as if that were what we lack! There is no lack of that, of a common mind. It is the all-but-impossible task of forming a *personal* consciousness of genuine historical integrity that drives men of letters, and all men who hold to the qualitative values of life, into disaffection with their environments. These *intransigents* are being psychoanalyzed out of their "fantasies" of the past, but that other fantasy of the "American consciousness" has for its single virtue an hysterical contemporaneity, and its elements are left grandly vague. As vague as Mr. Hergesheimer's "beauty." Both are morally and historically unsound.

ALLEN TATE.

"What the Negro Thinks"

What the Negro Thinks, by Robert Russa Moton. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 267 pages. \$2.50.

THIS is the third able treatment of the Negro to be published in six months. Dr. Moton is principal of Tuskegee Institute and the recognized successor of Booker T. Washington. Dr. Moton's book gives the Negro side of the American race problem. Whoever reads this work in addition to Scott Nearing's "Black America" and "The American Negro," edited by Donald Young, will have as complete a picture of the American race problem as can be crowded into 900 pages.

With admirable restraint, Dr. Moton marshals the economic and social disabilities under which the Negro lives. The reader is told what the Negro thinks of this racial discrimination, for any white man who professes to know the Negro "is simply deceiving himself." The latter part of the book is devoted to solving the Negro's difficulties.

The problem is succinctly stated as follows:

However long it may take, therefore, through however many generations of social progress it may extend, the Negro expects ultimately to live in America with such freedom of movement, such equality of opportunity, and such measures of common respect for his person and personality as will leave him, even though distinguished in physical characteristics, without any lower status than that of the average American citizen.

The white man and the black man must first "understand one another and then work out a program of co-operation up to the point of understanding, leaving to the future the handling of such problems as may prove too difficult to approach."

Racial amalgamation is not desired. Segregation is doubly undesirable. It assumes that the Negro belongs to an inferior race; it prevents the very contacts necessary to that mutual understanding which is fundamental to a social *rapprochement* of black and white. The Negro's side of the case must be considered if the problem is to be solved. The method of solution lies not in "legislation, but by common counsel whereon both parties to the cause are represented and where action is by common agreement rather than by majority control."

Dr. Moton is optimistic concerning the present trend, and cites as reasons therefor the new attitude of the Churches, the awakening of southern women's clubs, the interracial movement, the campaign against lynching, the improved position of the Negro in the fields of health, industry, education, etc. Democracy, one infers, will eventually cure this last form of anti-democracy.

Dr. Moton's ideology is bourgeois. The Negro wants what the white man has. In contrast to Dr. Moton, Scott Nearing insists that the Negro will get this only when organized white workers accept the Negro as an equal so that the Negro will not be used as an anti-labor tool by white employers. Dr. Moton points to successful Negro business and professional men. Yet these are supported by Negroes who work for white men. Ultimately, therefore, the economic liberation of the Negro is largely in white hands. It would appear, then, that the technique of solution must be compounded of the counsels of Dr. Moton and of Mr. Nearing. J. J. SPENGLER.

Troubadours of the East

Poetry of the Orient, an Anthology, edited by Eunice Tietjens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 328 pages. \$5.

THIS is the golden age of anthologies. The popularity of collected verse garnered from many countries and various periods indicates a wholesome appreciation of poetry. Almost every other oriental anthology has limited itself to the poetry of China and Japan. Eunice Tietjens offers the lyric riches of a more expansive East—Arabia, Persia and India, as well as China and Japan. Here one finds Imru-al-Kais, the leading poet of the pre-Mohammedan period, and the "Golden Odes," which, according to tradition, were suspended in the temple at Mecca. The names Persia has crowned in the blue and gold of its incomparable manuscripts are represented—Firdousi, Nizami, Sadi, Hafiz and Jami. Selections from the "Rig-Veda," the "Ramayana" and the "Mahabharata" make one long for an erudite equipment sufficient to strip off the opaque veils of translation and drink deep from the Sanskrit fountain. The Japanese and Chinese sections will be greeted as old friends by those familiar with the many popular English interpretations. The volume is a veritable *godown* from which one may take a poem here and there according to one's mood and place it temporarily in the *tokonoma* of one's vital consciousness, as the Japanese do with a precious bit of porcelain or bronze.

Not through League of Nations conferences or travel books can the West ever approach the emotional overtones of the East. It is when we read the Arab poet's eulogy to the camel that we understand the Arab's passion for the freedom and emptiness of the desert—his desire to be left alone. No one really discovers the Japanese unless three fragile lines by Basho can reveal to him a world of imagery and allusion. How can we use a western yardstick to measure Indian women who for centuries have regarded the Sakuntala and Sita of their epic and dramatic

poetry as the ideal of womanhood? But the pulse-beat of the East is no more mysterious than that of the West. He who would feel it should turn to the great poetry of the East. ELSIE WEIL.

The Instinct of Animals

Problems of Instinct and Intelligence, by Major R. W. G. Hingston, M. C. New York: The Macmillan Company. 296 pages. \$3.25.

FOR many years now, naturalists and metaphysicians have been debating whether the sub-human animals are controlled entirely by a strictly mechanistic instinct, or (in some cases at least) by a process of thinking, or working from, a conscious wish to a desired end. Intelligence has often been defined as the capacity for learning and profiting by experience. At the risk of quoting myself at third hand, I cite a passage from Professor Edward M. East's "Heredity and Human Affairs."

Intelligence is a creative power understandable only as a process conditioned by the degree of efficiency attained by an inborn mechanism. "Intelligence," says Maynard Shipley (The Forum, April, 1927), "is measurable by the ability to make a rational adjustment of self to the environment; to understand the relationship between cause and effect; to recognize the difference between *thobbing* and *thinking*; to appreciate the distinction between mere speculation and results based upon ascertained facts set in order. In its highest phase intelligence is the power of perceiving relationships between apparently disparate facts, formulating generalizations upon organized but seemingly discrete phenomena, and predicting verifiable but as yet unknown results from stated premises." In a word, intelligence is what has brought man upward from the beasts.

Had Professor East had an opportunity to read Major Hingston's "Problems of Instinct and Intelligence" at the time he made this comment, I believe he might have worded his last phrase somewhat differently. Intelligence is, indeed, "what has brought man upward from the beasts." But an animal may have quite a glimmer of intelligence without even the chance of raising himself above the status of an insect or an arachnid. Some chimpanzees and orangs have a native intelligence superior to that of some men or some women. But they will always remain apes, so far as present evidence goes, no matter how intelligent, comparatively, some of them may be. They lost their "chance" to become human beings millions of years ago.

While instinct and intelligence both play their part in even the higher types of mankind, they do so also in certain orders of the sub-human animals—just how far down in the evolutionary scale need not be discussed in this review. Major Hingston's fascinating study does not involve genetic or comparative psychology as such. He tells us about the animals whose behavior, under varied circumstances, he has observed long and patiently with his own discerning eyes.

A point of unusual interest is that Major Hingston, by his innumerable examples and illustrations, has succeeded in showing the essential difference between instinct and intelligence so clearly that the problem now seems to be definitely settled. The first nine of the nineteen chapters of the book are devoted to the various aspects of instinct—*e. g.*, the perfection of instinct, the wisdom of instinct, the folly of instinct, the variability of instinct, errors in instinct, etc. Six more chapters are concerned with the

setting forth of evidence of intelligence in various genera and orders of insects, followed by one on "Insect Memory." Then comes a discussion of what is often spoken of as "The Unknown Sense." This leads naturally to a most interesting chapter on "Mental Evolution," the volume then being concluded by a summing up of the various problems previously raised.

Major Hingston's judgment is that instinct is "the dominating force that controls the wonderful activities of instincts," and that this force is innate and automatic. In many cases instinct causes acts of such precision "that they sometimes seem to surpass intelligence." Yet instinct "may sometimes be very faulty." Certain of its errors result in disaster and death. But, just as error "creeps into the midst of perfection, so does a certain variability alter the [usually] inflexible course of instinct."

The author frequently controverts the great Fabre by direct citations from the French naturalist's own works showing clearly, it would seem, that "insects are not wholly instinctive," though they need not therefore be adjudged as highly rational creatures. On the other hand, running through the instinctive activities "is a stream of judgment, Huber's 'little dose of reason.'" More important, their small share of intelligent activity is plastic and capable of modification, and the insect can learn from experience. The insect, though predominantly instinctive, possesses also gleams of reason. "Exactly the same is true of man."

"Problems of Instinct and Intelligence" is thus a rather provocative book to followers of the late Jacques Loeb, as well as to disciples of Henri Fabre; but it is one which no adult mind could fail to find of surpassing interest.

MAYNARD SHIPLEY.

The War-Guilt Myth

In Quest of Truth and Justice: De-Bunking the War Guilt Myth, by Harry Elmer Barnes. Chicago: National Historical Society. 421 pages.

WHILE it is a safe wager that Professor Barnes's academic colleagues will in the future as in the past prefer to meet the case of the *enfant terrible* in their midst with sly winks and malicious innuendoes, it is no less certain that they could reach the central core of the phenomenon with little expenditure of effort, would they but condescend to peruse with open mind the preface of this book. "The writer does not belong to that group of historians who hold that scholarship exists for its own sake . . . and that it is no concern to the historian whether or not his facts are applied to practical affairs." And after insisting on the necessity of thorough-going specialized research, he affirms "that the activities of war-guilt historians will be essentially sterile if their discoveries do not to an increasing degree achieve the remaking of Europe." To translate these confessions into simple psychological terms, the author reveals himself as temperamentally a fighter, albeit his sword is a pen which he wields the more lustily because he is possessed, in a heightened and amazing degree, of the characteristic American faith that by the mobilization of our human good will and intelligence we can carry this ancient shambles of a world to a more just and perhaps less tragic level of existence.

In this book, which consists of two sections, the author restates in Part I the revisionist and extreme revisionist position regarding the outbreak of the World War and the distribution of responsibility among the Great Powers,

while in Part II, which is twice as long as Part I and at least ten times as sparkling and amusing, he publishes the complete record of his controversies with the academic brethren, mostly, in his own colorful language, a bunch of gum-shoers and bitter-enders.

In spite of all the noise, sweat, and fury, the central figure of this academic storm adequately sees to it that one thing must and shall be remembered, and that is that he is not fighting to score a personal victory over his opponents or even to maintain as against all comers his particular thesis of war guilt. He wishes passionately to clear the way for a world effectively organized for peace. But is not that the very goal toward which his bitter opponents declare they, too, are steering? Precisely so, but with this tremendous difference: They wish to organize the world on the post-war situation of today as traced and legalized by the Treaty of Versailles, while Professor Barnes affirms that you cannot make bricks out of lies nor raise a house that will stand on moving sands. You cannot, to borrow his own more fragrant figure, make the plant of Locarno flourish in the pot of Versailles.

FERDINAND SCHEVILL.

Fiction Notes

The Bride's House, by Dawn Powell. New York: Brentano's. \$2.50.

THE Middle West of thirty years ago is the *milieu* of this novel. By going back these three decades Miss Powell avoids the dreary babbity of Sinclair Lewis, and by confining herself to the old landed families spares us an account of the simple-minded yokelery so dear to Sherwood Anderson. Her characters are members of the rural aristocracy: they attend horse shows and county fairs, make love in graveyards, have family reunions of three hundred people from all over the country, and, in spite of these robust activities, are sufficiently neurotic to be considered true aristocrats. The main theme is Sophie Truelove's passion for a man with whom she is in love at the time of her marriage to another. It is handled with vigor and sincerity, but Sophie's lover, who is continually dashing about at midnight on a galloping horse, seems too melodramatic. The characterization of Sophie herself is excellent as far as it goes, but it is disjointed; we see her only at moments of great emotion: there is no leading up to anything. The entire book suffers from this fault; the two sub-plots are not tied up with the main theme; incidents are piled on in an architecturally unsound way. The actual writing more than makes up for lack of technique. Such description as Miss Powell's of Ohio farm life, never consciously striving for effect but always effective, is important by virtue of its infrequency in current literature, and is admirable by virtue of its honesty in a day when we are told how to shoot waterspouts.

G. T. H.

The Burning Fountain, by Eleanor Carroll Chilton. New York: The John Day Company. \$2.50.

THE third child of a lawyer's family is conceived under an oak tree during a thunder storm. The girl grows up with an ever-increasing love of the tree and of thunder storms. Every year for eighteen years the tree is struck by lightning. The rest of the family is quite normal, and the plot of this novel consists in showing the effect produced on the rest of the family by this daughter, the tree and the storms. Escaping from her otherwise normal nineteenth birthday party, the daughter runs to

the tree and is killed by a bolt. It is a long, careful, rather uninteresting book. The author has a *penchant* for paragraphs that exceed two pages in length. To this reviewer the effect was rather like a paper chase with one batch of paper left in the Grand Central, another in New London and the third inevitably turning up in the South Station, Boston. It would have been simpler and more dramatic to cover the ground in a train—to write a short story, as it were.

C. A. C.

The Flagrant Years, by Samuel Hopkins Adams. New York: Horace Liveright. \$2.

THIS one falls neatly into the class of hammock novel which P. G. Wodehouse has presided over for so many years. This variety of humorist depends for much of his wit on plausible exaggeration. Mr. Adams has this ability. Ypsydoodle Smith weaves his ingenious way through the wiles of the beauty trade as practised in New York City. Here you have the low-down on the face-lifting profession turned into a first-rate funny story. There is a murder and a highly developed plot; there is the requisite number of rich but worthless and poor but deserving characters; there is variety of style and subject; but in the end no one is punished, because no one deserves punishment. It finishes in sunshine. The result is an hilarious book which brings to mind Elmer Davis's "Friends of Mr. Sweeney."

C. A. C.

A Correction

In Mr. Edmund Wilson's article on John Jay Chapman in the issue of May 22, the following sentence, by an error of the printer, was incorporated in the quotation from Mr. Chapman at the top of page 32: "Even the half-charlatan, half-illiterate American religious cults deserve our interest and respect." This sentence should have read, "Even the half-charlatan, half-illiterate American religious cults—Christian Science, the New Thought, etc.—deserve our interest and respect," and should have been printed, not as a statement of Mr. Chapman's, but as Mr. Wilson's own introduction to the quotation from Mr. Chapman which begins, "The new American mysticism, etc."

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